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MONEY AND THE PRESIDENCY

Who's Buying?

THOMAS FERGUSON

Following the dollar trail in this year's race. (Page 441)

C.I.A. Armies

JONATHAN KWITNY

The story of the 'stay-behind' network in Europe. (Page 444)

EDITORIAL

LAY DOWN THAT BURDEN

It is a measure of the persistence of apartheid in the South African imagination that the crucial referendum called to determine the course of democratization was limited to whites alone. At the same time, the healthy Yes vote demonstrates how tired whites have become of the burden of maintaining a racist state structure and how eager they are for change.

President de Klerk's victory, achieved with some risk, assures change, but it does not specify the amount or guarantee the quality. The best wishes showered upon the Nationalist Party leader by President Bush, the British government and other Europeans with more than a little economic and strategic interest in Africa are bestowed because de Klerk is managing the crisis, not because he will create real equality among South Africans of all races.

In fact, the struggle for equality is only beginning, and it is here that blacks and other nonwhite victims of apartheid are major combatants. De Klerk is pursuing two agendas: increasing the participation of nonwhites in the political arena and, at the same time, maintaining the power of whites in economic affairs, the security system and international relations.

South Africa is a long way from the Freedom Charter proclaimed almost thirty-seven years ago by the African National Congress, which promised a unitary state based on principles of economic justice and social equality, where each person has one vote and the wealth of the country is exploited not for the few but for the good of all. But it is a step closer than it was just the other day.

CLINTON & CONTRAS
ALEXANDER COCKBURN

TALKING ABOUT RACE
STUDS TERKEL

FILM AND FACT
NORA EPHRON

AFRIKANERS
JENEFER SHUTE

INDIAN VOICES
JERRY MANDER

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LETTERS.

LAX BLACK LEADERSHIP

Cambridge, Mass.

As a black woman, I am furious that Mike Tyson has received so much support from black political, religious and community leaders ["Tyson Takes the Count," March 2]. These leaders have proclaimed Tyson innocent and consider his conviction to be purely the result of the racism of the American justice system. Their disregard for the suffering of Desiree Washington is shocking. Their eagerness to take the man's side in the name of the race is shameful.

The racism of the trial was largely introduced by Tyson's attorney, who argued that Tyson was such an obvious sexual brute that any woman who went near him was agreeing to have sex; who claimed that the bruises and tears in the victim's vagina came from consensual sex with the "unusually well-endowed" Tyson; and who suggested that because Washington liked rap music she must be overly fascinated with sex. These arguments played directly to the most common racist stereotypes of black men as sexual animals with large penises and black women as insatiable sluts who never say no. No one criticized Tyson's attorney for his racist approach. Have our leaders become so attached to the fantasy of black male sexual prowess that they actually believed the "big dick" defense? Come on!

Why must black leaders always support black men over black women? Black women who dare to tell of sexual aggression by black men are invariably attacked as traitors to the race. They should instead be upheld as examples of courageous black people who won't allow anyone to trample them. Isn't standing up for ourselves a quality we try to teach our children so they can survive in this hostile society? Do we mean to teach it only to boys? Black leaders have abandoned black women. Shame on them! *Catherine Hinton*

RED IN TOOTH AND CLAW

Pittsburgh

Honesty isn't an essential ingredient to democracy in the minds of Max Elbaum and the dissident C.P.U.S.A. faction he champions ["De-Stalinizing the Old Guard," Feb. 10]. Like any good missionary sent to enlighten the pagans (or in this case, the "Stalinists"), Elbaum knows there is only one truth concerning the C.P. convention—even if he wasn't there to witness it. In his effort to "disentangle what remains valuable in the Communist tradition from what is hidebound and antidemocratic," Elbaum uses cheap-shot lies, "hidebound" anticommunist slogans and good old, pseudo-intellectual elitism. The convention was not "stacked" and the dissidents were outnumbered something like four to one, not two to one. It wasn't the "few critics" who were shouted down; quite the contrary, due to their lack of numbers, it was the dissidents who resorted to bum-rushing microphones and shouting like crazed people. Comparing Gus Hall's "mindset" to that of Ceausescu is just plain slander. Statements like these prove that Elbaum had no interest in writing an informative analysis of internal C.P. politics. Mudslinging suits his purpose just fine.

Elbaum's biggest falsehood is to claim that the factionalists (or Committees of Correspondence, as they like to be called) spontaneously set up their organization in Cleveland. They have been organizing for months, with Elbaum's active assistance, and yet they still have only an "as-yet-undefined form." These are the people who would lead the organization, even against the will of the majority of the membership. *James Collins*

JOIN US

Fairfax, Va.

It is a pity that neither Max Elbaum nor the C.P.U.S.A. seems to realize that there already is a quite active Committees of Correspondence, now several years old. It is the American arm of the Green/Bioregional movement. If disaffected Communists are searching for a new home, many may find this group compatible, with its notions of justice, consensual participation at the grass roots and concern for environment and people alike. I suggest that the 200 disaffected C.P. members from Cleveland's conference join the several thousand other searching Americans dialoguing toward a saner, more equitable, ultimately sustainable society: Committees of Correspondence, Box 40040, St. Paul, MN 55104.

Mary E. Clark

ELBAUM REPLIES

San Francisco

If I wasn't inside the C.P.U.S.A. convention, and instead spent three days interviewing every delegate who would agree to talk in the hallways, it was only because the party leadership banned all reporters from the gathering. It even proved impossible to get a statement from official C.P. spokespeople after the meeting, despite repeated attempts and earlier assurances that one would be forthcoming. In contrast, the South African Communist Party, meeting the same weekend in Johannesburg under far more dangerous conditions, threw its convention open to the press. Eager to provide the public with an accurate picture of its internal processes and political strength, the S.A.C.P. also released its membership figures—something the C.P.U.S.A. leadership refuses to divulge even to its members. So much for who does and who doesn't wish to see that an informed analysis of what's happening inside the C.P.U.S.A. reaches the broader progressive community.

As for whether the convention was rigged, or assessing the relative weight of the dissident grouping, developments since the convention shed additional light on the credibility of the contending summations. A February 9 extraordinary meeting attended by two-thirds of the C.P.'s second-largest district—Northern California—voted 152 to 32 with eight abstentions to declare the 25th Convention "illegitimately constituted through fraudulent denial of representation" and to proclaim "political and organizational independence from the C.P.U.S.A." Angela Davis, a Northern California member, had already resigned from the party in protest of the convention proceedings. But the *People's Weekly World*, in an unsigned article headlined "Northern California," didn't even mention the overwhelming vote to disaffiliate—the first large-scale formal split in the C.P. in decades—or the resignation of the party's best-known member. Instead the *P.W.W.* simply stated that party members were reorganizing "a week after the former district leadership, unwilling to accept the majority decisions of the 25th Convention, attempted to dissolve the district organization."

In the C.P.'s largest district, New York, the pro–Gus Hall district chairman announced in February that he had accepted an assignment from the national leadership to organize a new district committee—because every other person on the fifty-two-member elected leadership body was a supporter of the reform "initiative." Then, at a special meeting on March 5, members of the New York district voted by a 7-to-3 margin to disaffiliate from the Communist Party.

Mary E. Clark is certainly correct to point out the significance of the U.S. Green movement, which decided at its fourth national conference, in August 1991 in Elkins, West Virginia, to change its name from Green Committees of Correspondence to The Greens/Green Party U.S.A. in order to symbolize adoption of a more developed structure, program and action plan. *Max Elbaum*

YOU DESERVE A BREAK TODAY

Dallas

To set the record straight regarding Jane Holtz Kay's "Fast Food Trashbuster Pin" award to the Environmental Defense Fund in her holiday list [Dec. 30]: The McDonald's victory was really the result of an extended national grass-roots campaign started in 1987 by a Citizens Clearing House for Hazardous Waste member organization in Vermont. C.C.H.W. was started a decade ago by Lois Gibbs, a victim of Love Canal, and currently has more than 8,000 member organizations. The McToxics campaign was a victory for these grass-roots groups, which waged an unceasing boycott/mail-in/P.R. campaign against McDonald's for more than five years, with no recognition from the news media. E.D.F.'s Fred Krupp's representation of himself as the architect of this victory points out the co-optation by national "environmental" groups of the grass-roots environmental movement. *Steve DiGiacomo*

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EDITORIALS.

Perk Barrel

The power of political scandal, like the potency of drugs, has more to do with "set and setting" than with the chemistry of the substance. In a scandal, a heady opiate indeed, the expectations of the audience and the historical context are crucial to the consequences.

"Rubbergate" is giving the country a buzz because it jibes perfectly with the prevailing contempt for politicians. Most of the 355 current and former House members cited for kiting checks seem not to have a clue that the infraction for which they are reviled is not scamming taxpayers' money (many could deal with *that*) but enjoying unacceptable privileges and perks.

Of course the House "bank" is not a bank like the one that hounds the general public when one little overdraft is discovered. Of course many M.C.s were unaware, and were never notified, that their accounts were short of funds, often because their deposits were not credited in timely fashion. Of course "everybody did it," that perennial Washington favorite.

But the symbols of Rubbergate are powerful and, as many Representatives may learn, devastating. Taking advantage of

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the shoddily run House bank is in itself an abuse if not a crime (and some may be charged); it is certainly a blunder of great proportions. Coming after the "midnight" Congressional pay raise, after the honorarium uproar, after the S&L debacle, after the fights in several states over term limits, after the millions begged and accepted from PACs and corporate lobbyists, after tax breaks for the rich, after the budget disgrace in 1990, after revelations about the vast system of perks, from the House gym to its subsidized restaurant to the "socialized" health care system to the pension plan—there was no way this was going to disappear without public hangings. Add to that the devilish but brilliant exploitation of the issue by Republicans in order to take over Congress and what we're working on here is a national auto-da-fé.

But not even Newt Gingrich, the G.O.P. bully of the piece, knows how all the chips will fall. Some have pointed out that a great number of cited members are heavies in the Democratic Congressional club and its constituent sections, such as the Black Caucus and the (informal) Friends of Israel. But because the districts those members "represent," so to speak, are heavily Democratic, they are more likely to be picked off by younger, more progressive challengers than by Newtonian Republicans. Young black activists especially are already bidding for power in several such districts. Former Black Panther Bobby Rush's defeat of old-time Chicago Representative Charles Hayes, a progressive labor stalwart but a big bouncer, prefigures future Rubbergate turnovers. And there is the best chance in decades for independent or third-party candidates to enter the political discourse in places where conditions are most favorable. It's not impossible that Vermont's Bernie Sanders, Congress's lone independent, will have some congenial company come next January.

The Democrats are in a pickle of their own concoction. The half-truth of Gingrich's charges—that the Congressional club is closed, corrupt and controlled by the Democrats—makes it difficult for Speaker Foley et al. to mount an effective or honest counterattack. The system *is* closed and corrupt and the Republicans participate in every sleazy deal. It is not enough for the Democrats to claim that Rubbergate was a bipartisan mistake (three Bush Cabinet members, former Representatives, are also implicated). They must admit their own corruption of leadership and the tacit deals they make with their Republican confrères to line their pockets and cover their tracks. In fact, so tight are the parties and so protective of their joint perks that the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee refused to fund Gingrich's 1990 Democratic opponent in Georgia because the man had the gall to raise the issue of Gingrich's vote *for* the midnight pay raise. The justice part is that those who have lived by the perks may die of an overdose.

The Excluded

The increasing callousness of the conservative Supreme Court is exemplified in its February 24 decision to shut the door on thousands of Haitians fleeing their homeland and an army run amok. Despite eyewitness evidence of torture, death and villages burned to the ground, the Administration argues that most Haitians are fleeing poverty rather than political persecution. This action is merely a continuation of the hypocritical Reagan/Bush immigration policy for the Caribbean basin. Haitians, Salvadorans and others fleeing right-wing dictators were turned away, while Cubans and Nicaraguans fleeing socialist governments were embraced, even those with questionable pasts—former Somocista National Guard marauders, hard-line *contras*, C.I.A. terrorists and a relative few from Castro's prisons and asylums jettisoned during the 1980 Mariel boat lift.

As the President surely knows, average Cubans and Nicaraguans were as much economic as political refugees. They prospered, beneficiaries of lenient immigration policies unavailable for refugees fleeing governments not ruled by a Castro or an Ortega, and now half the population of Dade County is Hispanic. Miami's much smaller Haitian community shares a special discrimination with Miami's blacks: Often they are not hired because they can't speak Spanish. Still, the Haitian escapees willingly came. As famed 82-year-old dancer Katherine Dunham fasted in protest, eight out of nine justices sealed the Haitians' fate. And Bush stands ready to veto any measure Congress might offer to save them.

Today's tragedy evokes echoes from the past. In May 1939, the liner St. Louis set sail from Hamburg, bound for Cuba. On it were more than 930 Jews escaping Hitler's Germany. Inscribed on their passports was the scarlet letter J. Meanwhile, Cuban President Federico Laredo Bru signed a decree invalidating their landing certificates. During a week of frantic negotiations they drifted off Cuban shores and then were forced to head back to Germany. Panicked passengers watched the fading faces of families who had waited for days at the dock. A former concentration camp inmate slashed his wrists, and passengers formed antisuicide patrols to keep others from following his lead. Some passengers thought they would land in New York, since they held legal immigration quota numbers that would permit them to enter the United States. They didn't know that the government was not going to let them land there or at any other U.S. port.

While the St. Louis drifted off Miami's coast, American Jewish leaders implored President Bru and U.S. officials to relent. But President Roosevelt, the State Department and Congress turned stone deaf. Passengers wrote to Roosevelt begging for help, emphasizing that 400 of them were women and children. There was no reply.

Many factors played into this disgraceful policy, which "cries to high heaven of man's inhumanity to man," a *New York Times* editorial said. Anti-Semites in the State Department and Congress were receptive to the America Firsters, pro-Nazis and a majority of Americans who clamored for neutrality. Rather than antagonize them or, more shamefully, Hitler, Roosevelt chose to expend the Jews.

Finally, England, Belgium, Holland and France embraced the refugees. Except for those chosen by England, freedom was short-lived. Emboldened by such acts of nonintervention, Hitler soon invaded Belgium, Holland and France. Many from the St. Louis died in the gas chambers.

Arguably, the magnitude of the Jewish plight surpasses that of returned Haitians, but the pinch-minded approach is the same. In both cases, it was a safe political move. Polls then

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and now show that one can never overestimate U.S. xenophobia, particularly in mean times; citizens overwhelmingly endorsed the closed-door policy a half-century ago, as they do today. In 1939, anti-Semitism and international politics played a part. Today, Ira Kurzban, attorney for Miami's Haitian Refugee Center, charges, "The President has sent black refugees to their deaths solely to appease the conservative wing of his party in an election year. This is racism pure and simple."

One certainty *is* pure and simple. Thousands of men, women and children are being returned to Haiti's caldron of violence and a terrifying future. MYRA MACPHERSON

Myra MacPherson, a Miami-based writer, is at work on a book on I.F. Stone, to be published by William Morrow.

Trail of de Dios

San Juan, Puerto Rico

When news spread through this island on Commonwealth Day, July 25, 1978, that two *independentistas* had been killed by police in the course of a terrorist sabotage, then-Governor Carlos Romero Barceló was giving the traditional speech to open the day's celebrations. He had an unorthodox message: Statehood, rather than commonwealth, was the best guarantee of federal funds, equal citizenship and security. Now, thirteen years after the infamous killings that stunned the island, Romero Barceló finally sits on the witness chair before a Senate Judiciary Commission panel that for nine years has been reconstructing the government's role in those murders, known as the Cerro Maravilla case. His long-sought testimony—the equivalent here of Ronald Reagan's appearance before an Iran/*contra* committee—comes doubly tainted with blood in the wake of another assassination, on March 11, of Manuel de Dios Unanue, former editor of New York's *El Diario-La Prensa*, who was shot in the back of the head while sitting in a Queens restaurant. That killing, 3,000 miles away, has unleashed the fears and confusions of politicians, journalists and citizens. Maybe, some argue, politics and crime have intertwined again and de Dios is another victim of the island's status wars.

Had he been killed three weeks earlier, de Dios, who lived in Puerto Rico before moving to New York in the 1970s, would have been mourned here, but his death—perhaps still attributable to some petty political vendetta or to the drug lords he had dogged for years—would not have so inflamed the national consciousness. On February 27, de Dios had testified before the Judiciary Commission, providing the panel with another jigsaw piece in its reconstruction of an operation in which the government had infiltrated left groups and instigated attacks on government facilities in order to arouse popular fear of "subversives, left-wing terrorists and *independentistas*" and gaining support for its pro-statehood agenda.

In nationally televised testimony, de Dios identified Desiderio Cartagena, Romero Barceló's Police Commissioner, as the anonymous source in his July 20, 1978, story warning of the "heightened and dangerous" activities of underground groups and of the turmoil that would soon grip the island. Now it turns out that fully two-thirds of the members of those underground groups were government agents. One such agent lured the two *independentistas*, Arnaldo Darío Rosado and Carlos Soto Arriví, to the Cerro Maravilla, a mountain in the southern part of the island, in a scheme to destroy communications towers. There the two were murdered, while on their knees pleading for mercy. In 1985 the agent who had entrapped them was killed mysteriously after announcing that he would disclose the whole plot in a forthcoming book. Puerto Rico, de Dios's testimony seemed to confirm, had become an island in search of terrorists so that its pro-statehood government could prove a point.

Now people are saying that de Dios too may have been shot to prove a point. The Judiciary Commission, which has launched a probe into the assassination, fears intimidation of other witnesses. Its president and special investigator have repeatedly received death threats over the past six months, including calls the day after de Dios's death.

Whether or not de Dios was killed for talking, the events surrounding his death have helped to expose the fictions of this tiny political universe and to highlight the manipulations visited upon its citizens. Some say this will be the end for Romero Barceló's pro-statehood career; at the same time, people are soured by the protracted nature and cost (an estimated $20 million) of the Judiciary Commission's hearings, and sense more than a little opportunism, given the Senate's overwhelming support for the island's commonwealth status. Perhaps Cerro Maravilla and its sequels will finally uncouple politics from the engulfing preoccupation with status. For now, Puerto Ricans are focusing on the representations, and misrepresentations, of their leaders. The elections here in November will provide the next chapter in the story. FÉLIX JIMÉNEZ

Félix Jiménez has written on politics and culture for The Village Voice *and* The Washington Post.

★

SECOND-GUESSING

BROWN

It's obvious to me you'd do a whole lot better
Without that sweater.

TSONGAS

You needed, to keep from throwing in the towel,
Another vowel.

BUCHANAN

A German car is even worse for someone who's
Got views on Jews.

Calvin Trillin

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

By Definition

"You can't be a lawyer if you don't represent banks." Hillary Clinton, Chicago, March 16.

The Secret Life of a Parking Meter Manufacturer

At a crucial stage in the *contra* war in Nicaragua being sponsored by the Reagan Administration, Governor Bill Clinton's personal creation the Arkansas Development Finance Authority made its first industrial development loan, in 1985, to POM Inc., a parking meter manufacturer based in Russellville, Arkansas. POM, it has been alleged, was under secret contract to make components of chemical and biological weapons for use by the *contras*, as well as special equipment for C-130 transport planes. Such planes were at that time ferrying drugs and weapons in and out of Mena, a town not too far away in western Arkansas. POM's lawyer during those transactions was a partner in the Rose law firm, of which Hillary Clinton was, and is, a member. Clinton's state thus appears to have been an important link in the *contra* supply chain at a time when military aid to the *contras* had been banned by Congress.

The story that follows is consequent on research by my colleague Bryce Hoffman, *Nation* managing editor JoAnn Wypijewski and, among others in Arkansas, Mark Swaney, of the Arkansas Committee in Fayetteville.

About a mile north of the airport in Russellville, on Highway 331, sits the headquarters of POM, a low building made of corrugated metal. POM—the common name for Park on Meter—has been at that location since 1976, when it bought the premises from Rockwell International. Back then POM controlled about thirty-six acres; a series of real estate transactions has since divided the land among other holders. And today, on a plot immediately northwest of POM's property, you can see a building occupied by the 354th Chemical Company of the 122nd Army Reserve Command.

When Mark Swaney visited Russellville on behalf of this column he saw two trucks at the reserve post mounted with what looked like generators for creating smokescreens, along with some transport trucks and a number of chemical drums. Swaney talked to a soldier there who told him that this was a "smoke unit." A few days later another observer saw some chemical tanker trucks there. Adjacent to the Army Reserve unit and directly across the street from POM's property are some low corrugated metal sheds, without windows or markings of any kind. In short, here in this scruffy corner of Russellville is a kind of military/industrial landscape, a setting appropriate to our tale.

Southwest of Russellville there is another kind of military/industrial landscape, this one in the wooded valley around Mena. We have described Mena in past columns as a center for *contra* training and resupply, as well as drug smuggling and money laundering. Mena was important too as a base for aircraft maintenance and retrofitting.

We come now to Michael Riconosciuto, a former contract employee of the C.I.A. who says he worked at Mena on and off between 1980 and 1989. Riconosciuto was arrested shortly after being named as a witness in the Inslaw Corporation's case against the U.S. government for the latter's alleged unauthorized use of software Riconosciuto wrote for Inslaw. He was arrested on ten drug-related charges and has been convicted on seven. Riconosciuto claims he was set up. He is being held, pending sentence, in a county jail outside Tacoma, Washington. Federal prosecutors are seeking a life sentence under the new drug laws. He spoke at length to Bryce Hoffman by telephone from jail.

According to Riconosciuto, Mena was part of a network of bases that evolved over time, rising and receding in importance with the changing needs of U.S. covert operations. He says that at the time he was involved, Mena was crucial because of its central location relative to the other bases, because of its retrofitting and maintenance facilities and because of its role as the administrative center of operations. Finally, he says, Mena was the main drop-off point for narcotics, the other bases serving as distribution points or as "nesting facilities" for the aircraft. ("Aircraft" here generally refers to a fleet of about thirty ex-military C-130 transport planes.)

Riconosciuto is the third individual who has come forward with details of the covert military and narcotics operations in Mena. He has corroborated information already supplied by Barry Seal and Terry Reed, but unlike Seal, who was primarily a drug smuggler, and Reed, who supervised the training of pilots and participated in resupply operations, Riconosciuto served in a technical and administrative capacity that gave him a broader picture of the operation. He came to Mena with experience in computer technology and programming as well as in intelligence, gained from years working with the Wackenhut Corporation, a private security company whose imbrication with the intelligence world is well known. In Mena, Riconosciuto supervised the transshipment of high-tech equipment (*inter alios* to the *contras*), maintained the operation's computer network and developed accounting software to facilitate electronic transfers of funds for the money-laundering side of the operation.

To Riconosciuto's knowledge, no drugs were ever unloaded at the Mena airport. As with Seal's setup in Louisiana, planes flying at low altitude would use drag chutes to drop containers of drugs in the surrounding countryside, sometimes into the Ouachita National Forest but more often on private land. The drugs would then be picked up by helicopter or truck and taken to a loading area, from which they would be sent to distribution points via truck or twin-engine plane. Riconosciuto described a constellation of support facilities either for the shipment of drugs or for the manufacture of aircraft parts. Independent sources for parts were especially necessary, both to insure a ready stock without attracting attention and to provide equipment that could not be easily traced in the event a plane crashed or was captured. Riconosciuto's account of these support facilities matched, in many of its particulars, what we already know from state and federal investigations of the Mena operation from 1983 to 1988. But in the same way that his story augmented the picture of

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Mena drawn by Seal and Reed, so it extends the line of supporting actors beyond the purlieus of Mena. Which brings us back to POM.

POM, according to Riconosciuto, was not merely in the business of making parking meters. He says that beginning in 1981 the company also made ferry drop tanks—i.e., external fuel canisters—for use on the C-130s. These tanks, attached to pylons on the wings and jettisoned when empty, are necessary to fuel long-range transport missions. While standard on military aircraft, they are virtually unknown in civilian use. Drop tanks are essentially nothing more than aerodynamic metal containers—well within the productive capabilities of a company set up to make parking meters.

By 1983, Riconosciuto says, it was clear to U.S. intelligence that the *contras* were unable to inflict serious damage on the Sandinista troops and needed a tactical advantage—either through new technical equipment or through unconventional weaponry. To this end, he says, POM was enlisted in a project with Stormont Labs of Woodland, California, and the Wackenhut Corporation to develop chemical and biological weapons that could be deployed in guerrilla warfare, with POM assigned the task of producing delivery systems that could be easily carried and used by troops. Stormont confirms that in the early eighties it was approached by Wackenhut in connection with the development of biological weapons but denies anything went beyond the talking stage. Wackenhut denies any involvement with Stormont, POM or Riconosciuto.

Now recall the configurations on the ground in the corner of Russellville described above. According to Riconosciuto, the 354th Chemical Company, which even before leasing property across from POM had maintained a facility in Russellville, had an arrangement to provide POM with chemical agents once the prototype carriers for those agents had become advanced enough for testing. These were meant to be fairly simple devices—a hand-held grenade, a mortar shell, a small bomb—all of which could have been produced with the machinery on hand at POM.

Two years after entering into this chemical weapons project, by Riconosciuto's account, POM became the first company to receive an industrial development loan from the Arkansas Development Finance Authority (ADFA). This loan, for $2.75 million, was rushed to completion at the close of 1985.

After speaking with a receptionist and her superior, who claimed variously that POM was and was not engaged in classified activities, my colleague Bryce Hoffman reached POM's president, "Skeeter" Ward. Ward said POM had contracts with the military through U.S. Atlantic Corporation and other intermediaries, and that details were classified.

Ward said he had a copy of "Beat the Devil" from March 23 in front of him and challenged certain particulars. He acknowledged knowing Bill Clinton socially but said he was not a friend. As regards POM being the first company to get an industrial development loan from ADFA: "That is just not true." Bryce told him we'd got this information from Bob Nash, ADFA's president. "Well," said Ward, "talk to Gene Wheaton, their vice president. He's the one that handled the loan." Bryce said we had the same information from Wheaton. Ward insisted POM had not been the first. All the ADFA records we have show that it was.

"And you say," Skeeter Ward exclaimed, "that Webb Hubbell and the Rose law firm handled our ADFA loan application; that isn't true either." Bryce asked him why Hubbell's signature adorns the loan documents. "You see, he is our corporate lawyer, and he's my father-in-law, so what'd you expect?" Bryce then asked Ward if he was manufacturing delivery systems for chemical or biological weapons. The parking meter manufacturer said this was ridiculous: "What we make is re-entry nose cones for the nuclear warheads on the MX missile and nozzles for rocket engines." Bryce told him there are allegations that POM also made casings for chemical weapons. When he denied this, Bryce asked about POM's affiliation with the Army Reserve unit across the street.

"Oh that? That's the armory. We don't have anything to do with them. I don't see how it matters anyway." Bryce told him that it was not an armory, that it was a warehouse maintained by a chemical warfare unit. "Well see, someone's been lying to you again. That's just the Army Reserve." Bryce informed him that it is, specifically, the 354th Chemical Company of the Army Reserve and added that all of this information had come from the unit itself (he had checked it that morning). "Well, that's all news to me. Shoot, I'd have been a little worried if I'd known we had chemical weapons stored over there."

Next, Bryce asked Ward if POM had ever manufactured aircraft drop tanks. "No, we've never done any of that. I told you we made re-entry cones and nozzles. We have got a contract with McDonnell Douglas to make aircraft parts, but I don't even know what that's about." Bryce asked how, if he did not know what kind of aircraft parts they made, he could be so certain that these did not include drop tanks. "I don't know—but I know we didn't make those at all. Now you've got the truth, right from the horse's mouth." In parting, Ward reminded us to put in a good word for his parking meters.

According to the Federal Aviation Administration, it is legal to use drop tanks on ex-military planes in civilian use (though it is illegal to drop them). Manufacture of the tanks is a different matter: legal but only with an F.A.A. permit, and with the manufacturing facilities subject to inspection. POM is not among the F.A.A.'s authorized suppliers. When Bryce called the F.A.A. in Washington, the official with whom he spoke apparently misunderstood his question on drop tank regulations and assumed he was a prospective manufacturer. "Oh! So you must have one of those Southern Air Transport contracts."

His Final Bow

Sadly, I must report the death of Harry, who loved to put his nose under women's skirts. His master, Ben Sonnenberg, commemorates him thus:

STAY
Harry 1981-92
I was a bad dog and didn't obey
Any command, until today.

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WATCHING RIGHTS.

ARYEH NEIER

In Prague a couple of weeks ago, a high-level official in the Havel government who had been a leading dissenter when the Communists held power told me that he had attended a recent reunion of former Charter 77 spokespersons. For each year since 1977, when the charter was promulgated, three people, representing the different tendencies among the signers, have been chosen as spokespersons, a method of representation exemplifying the movement's commitment to pluralism and repudiation of cults of personality, even among dissenters. At the reunion these longtime advocates of human rights (and, in most cases, victims of abuse as well) discussed whether there is a common characteristic of human rights abuses in post-Communist Europe.

It is a sad commentary on developments in the region that this question has begun to preoccupy some architects of the revolutions of the past three years. In Romania the authorities have tolerated, and sometimes encouraged, pogroms against gypsy communities, and in the former East Germany they have turned a blind eye to skinhead attacks on foreigners. In Latvia a new law deprives many residents who are not ethnic Latvians of their citizenship. In Czechoslovakia and Germany—and perhaps also soon in Bulgaria, where a law seems on its way to adoption—hundreds of thousands of people associated with the previous Communist regimes are barred, without regard to their individual actions and circumstances, from employment as teachers, journalists or many other responsible positions. Only President Arpad Goncz's refusal to sign legislation in Hungary and the Constitutional Court's ultimate rejection of it prevented a similar ban in yet another Eastern European state.

Worst of all, of course, in terms of suffering, are the wars being fought along tribal lines in the former Yugoslavia and the former Soviet Union. As we have come to expect from such conflicts, the wars between the Croats and the Serbs, the South Ossetians and the Georgians, and the Armenians and the Azerbaijanis are marked by horrifying crimes against noncombatants, who make up by far the greatest number of victims of the killings.

In all these violations of rights the common denominator is the demand for purification of the society. Those who are thought to sully that purity—ethnically, linguistically or politically—are blamed for every imaginable ill, whether it be the relatively novel phenomenon of crime in the streets or economic hardship or subversion. Someone must be held to blame for the failure of the revolutions of 1989 to 1991 to produce instant prosperity and happiness.

It is not only in post-Communist Europe that the demand for purification has become a dominant factor in abuses of human rights. There is the growing power of religious fundamentalism in several countries with large Islamic populations and attendant campaigns against alleged infidels and apostates; there are the escalating attempts by Israel to drive out Palestinians from Jerusalem and from the territories, which are referred to by their biblical names of Samaria and Judea; there are the rising xenophobic attacks on foreigners in several countries of Western Europe, and the continuing political climb of Jean-Marie Le Pen in France; and here at home there is the phenomenon of David Duke and Patrick Buchanan. It seems apparent that the manner in which the Bush Administration has dealt with the Haitian boat people reflects apprehension that a more generous response would have aided Bush's Republican challengers. Everywhere, whether in government office or not, the apostles of racial, religious and political purification seem to be shaping public policy, to the detriment of human rights.

An irony for post-Communist Europe is that the drive to adopt prohibitions against those associated with the former regimes is often championed most vehemently by those who were silent while those regimes held power. In Czechoslovakia, an Anti-Communist Alliance, which has been publishing lists of alleged collaborators, began its fight with the Communists about a year after the end of Communism there. (The Czechoslovak Foreign Minister, Jiri Dienstbier, told me that his ministry had been accused of harboring fifty-six spies; he seemed amused when I pointed out that the number was virtually identical to one of Senator Joseph McCarthy's charges about Communists in the State Department.)

Just before going to Prague, I attended a meeting in Salzburg, Austria, that brought together Europeans and Latin Americans concerned about the transition from authoritarian systems. There the most eloquent and outspoken defenders of the civil liberties of their former persecutors were the Eastern European dissenters who were never cowed into silence. The Polish essayists Adam Michnik and Kostek Gebert, the Hungarian philosopher Gyorgy Bence, the Czechoslovak journalist Jan Urban and the Russian parliamentarian and former long-term political prisoner Sergei Kovalyov all spoke out strongly against efforts to ascribe collective guilt to those associated with the previous regimes and to reverse the presumption of innocence ("revolutionary justice" in Bence's scornful characterization). Unhappily, the moral authority that such persons ought to enjoy has not always sufficed to prevent the enactment of "lustration" laws and other purification measures [see "Watching Rights," January 6/13].

In Prague, together with my colleague Jeri Laber of Helsinki Watch, I also spoke briefly with President Havel. We met in a room of the castle, surrounded by portraits of assorted Habsburgs who had been previous tenants of that edifice. If there were any physical traces of the Communists who had occupied the building for four decades, they escaped my notice. Havel began the meeting by recalling the days when his contacts with Laber in Prague had been arranged clandestinely and could be interrupted at any point by the police, and concluded by expressing eagerness to listen to international human rights critics. Those comments were effective reminders that in Eastern Europe today the opportunity to discuss openly the failings of governments there makes a vast difference. Those within the region who are taking advantage of that opportunity to denounce adventures in revolutionary justice and other purification measures are truly helping to keep alive the hopes that inspired their revolutions.

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ARTICLES.

MONEY AND DESTINY IN '92—I

Who Bought Your Candidate & Why

THOMAS FERGUSON

On January 29, 1848, Alexis de Tocqueville rose to issue an urgent warning to his colleagues in the French Chamber of Deputies. "I am told," he said, "that there is no danger because there are no riots. . . ." But "I believe that we are at this moment sleeping on a volcano. . . . Think, gentlemen, of the old monarchy: It was stronger than you are, stronger in its origin; it was able to lean more than you do upon ancient customs, ancient habits, ancient beliefs; it was stronger than you are, and yet it has fallen to dust. And why did it fall? Do you think it was by particular mischance? Do you think it was by the act of some man, by the [budget] deficit? . . . No, gentlemen; there was another reason: The class that was then the governing class had become, through its indifference, its selfishness and its vices, incapable and unworthy of governing the country. . . .

"Do you not feel," finally asked the famous author of *Democracy in America*, "by some intuitive instinct which is not capable of analysis, but which is undeniable, that the earth is quaking once again?"

Tocqueville's fellow deputies listened, but few heard him. Virtually to a man, they were astounded when, a few weeks later, a tide of revolution engulfed Paris and the rest of Europe.

For a brief moment this winter, as company after company announced massive layoffs, wage cuts, plant closings and cutbacks in health insurance; plummeting real estate values threatened the solvency of banks and insurance companies; and a genuine credit crunch developed in some regions, many Americans suddenly began hearing ominous sounds of the earth "quaking once again."

With cash-starved state and local governments chopping programs savagely, and the federal government, for the first time since World War II, declining to institute any major program of countercyclical spending, consumer confidence collapsed. As the economy continued to defy the Federal Reserve's increasingly frantic efforts to restart it by lowering interest rates, a torrent of unusually pointed discussion began gushing in the press about the future of the middle class and the American dream.

Alongside the typical stories illustrating the indifference, the selfishness and the vices of Washington—the pay raise and bank overdrafts, the Keating 5 and John Sununu—appeared memorable vignettes of leveraged buyouts and mergers; exposés of how corporate raiders abuse the tax code and employee pension funds; breathtaking statistics about the fabulous rise in executive compensation; and new reports on the increase in the wealth of the richest 1 percent of American families in the past decade. Former Secretary of State George Shultz, now a professor at Stanford Business School and director of many concerns (including Boeing, Bechtel, General Motors and Chevron), even wondered out loud if the feeble state of American labor unions threatened the long-term economic health of the United States.

But America in 1992 is a long way from Paris in 1848. When the earth began to rumble then, there was a revolution. The United States, by contrast, was just embarking on a presidential election.

Something strange began to happen. With the economy stubbornly refusing to budge, the President's approval ratings plunging and three-quarters of those polled agreeing that America had gotten far off track, nearly everyone in American public life abruptly clammed up. Instead, in the manner of a children's storybook or a morality play, the press and politicians started talking incessantly about character, as if the key question facing America was whether it is better to have a steady navigator, a street bully, a hockey goalie, a cancer survivor, a war hero or a hillbilly from Oxford as President. When they didn't descant upon character or "toughness," they flapped about the horse race, about "spin" or consultants or "who was electable." When they spoke of issues, it was usually to debate details of a tax cut that was too small to do anyone any good and would in any case come too late to rescue the economy from the recession.

This Niagara of campaign commentary contained one curious omission. It is a simple fact that all the issues that had appeared so burning only months before—buyouts, free trade or protection, health insurance, income distribution, the future of U.S. production, the cities—are critically important not only to voters but to well-organized special interest groups, businesses and industries. And that many such groups invest massively in candidates.

Remarkably, however, the armies of people who live by words now proved unable to come up with more than catch phrases about money in politics. At best, they spoke—sometimes in awed tones—of fundraising totals. Or they reeled off a few names, as though that told anyone anything. In a front-page story in early March, for example, *USA Today* informed readers that actress Dixie Carter was backing Bill Clinton, that Ed Asner had contributed to Tom Harkin and that rock singer Don Henley had donated to Paul Tsongas. Quoting a study whose authors should have known better, the paper also indicated that "philanthropists" were the group most heavily represented among donors to Pat Buchanan's uniquely acerbic campaign.

Back in December, when Jerry Brown made an issue out of the corrupting effects of campaign finance, the Democratic Party's leaders, the other candidates and the press ridiculed him. The networks, which have surely done more to lower public standards of taste in the past half-century than any group

Thomas Ferguson is professor of political science and senior fellow at the John W. McCormack Institute of the University of Massachusetts, Boston.

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this side of Las Vegas, and party leaders, who virtually without exception double as handsomely remunerated lobbyists, claimed that any mention of Brown's 800 number for small donors during television debates would demean the campaign.

This noble commitment to good taste, however, proved short-lived. Soon one issue about the leading Democratic aspirant crowded out all others: Did he, or didn't he? (And nobody was talking about a hairdresser.) As this uproar began to level off—it was, insiders acknowledged fearfully, unlikely ever to die down completely—another began, over a twenty-year-old letter.

Since then, it's been all downhill. Surveys suggest that most Americans paid more attention to the Mike Tyson rape trial than to the presidential primaries. Something like two-thirds of all voters also say that none of the candidates understand their problems. Voter turnouts (save for New Hampshire) have generally been anemic. Anywhere from a third to a half of voters tell pollsters they wish someone else were in the race.

The great bulk of American business is massed behind one candidate: George Bush.

Now, Bill Clinton, who has raised far more money than any other Democrat and who undoubtedly remains the overwhelming favorite of the business groups active in the party, has pulled steadily ahead by running to the left of a Greek from Massachusetts who called himself a "pro-business liberal." Although, in sharp contrast to most other candidates, Tsongas had plainly heard Tocqueville's rumblings, his principal economic contention was that yet another cut in capital gains taxes (this time targeted) could succeed in stilling the tremors.

On the Republican side, millions upon millions of dollars are flowing to both Buchanan and Bush, although the electoral results suggest that no one ("uncommitted") attracts about a third of the Republican primary electorate in a race with the President, and that spending hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of unsubtly coded commercials attacking minorities, foreigners, the National Endowment for the Arts, etc., adds perhaps 6 or 7 percent more to the total.

Given the widespread public disenchantment, Jerry Brown's continued presence in the race and the persisting speculation that a Clinton bombshell of one kind or another is impending, it would be a mistake to dismiss the possibility of an eleventh-hour entry by another candidate—perhaps Richard Gephardt, but more probably Lloyd Bentsen, who would not have to give up his seat in the Senate and who could match President Bush dollar for dollar in the unregulated "soft money" the parties will raise in vast quantities for the general election. At the moment, though, the odds favor a general election that may well set several dubious milestones: not only for the lowest turnout in American history (1924's 48.9 percent of the potential electorate is the figure to beat) but also for becoming the first U.S. election in which the wives of both major candidates would probably handily defeat either of the men who are actually running.

But as Tocqueville's colleagues in the Chamber of Deputies eventually came to appreciate, going down in the history books does not necessarily make the best public policy. Better to attend in a timely fashion to rumblings deep down and head off catastrophe. The first step in doing that requires, however, that one not only inquire into what tune the gaudy and oh-so-visible players are playing but who is paying. In 1992, provided that one is willing to put in the comparatively enormous amounts of time necessary to analyze not merely PAC contributions—which play a distinctly secondary role in this most important of all U.S. elections—but patterns of individual contributions, the task is by no means hopeless.

The basic motifs are plain. The great bulk of American business—in particular, a vast cross section of America's multinational giants—is massed firmly behind one and only one candidate: President Bush. Viewed systematically (through, for example, the inventory of "early" contributions—before the end of December 1991—by some 2,000 of America's leading business figures that I undertook as part of the research for this essay), the size of the President's advantage is breathtaking. Long before the primaries started almost a fifth of the sample had already contributed to his re-election campaign—a truly remarkable rate, considering that far and away the most money piles up as the primaries actually get under way. No one else is even close. Clinton, who clearly comes next in the affections of this group of major investors, trails far behind, while Pat Buchanan barely shows.

To most members of this Golden Horde—top executives at oil companies (such as Exxon, Amoco, Chevron, Arco, Occidental, Pennzoil and many Texas independents), international banks (Chase, Chemical/Manufacturers Hanover), many investment houses (Morgan Stanley, Merrill Lynch, Nomura Securities, Shearson Lehman) and a long list of manufacturing, food and defense companies (General Electric, I.B.M., Motorola, Rockwell, Corning, Texas Instruments, Martin Marietta, Coca-Cola, Pepsico, Johnson & Johnson, A.T.&T., McDonnell Douglas and, yes, Ford and even Lee Iacocca, who after the Japan debacle may want his money back), plus many utilities and service companies—the rumblings that so alarm their fellow citizens function mostly as a warning signal to consider a prudent relocation of production.

That is why they appreciate the Bush Administration's many efforts in support of the global integration of markets for goods, capital and—much more quietly—people. When, for example, the Berlin wall came tumbling down and the Administration made its historic and largely unheralded decision to support a rapid reunification of Germany (with the understanding that the new economic giant would see to it that the European Economic Community would remain open to American companies and that NATO would continue to underpin the region's security), they applauded. As the Administration sought to liberalize the Japanese economy—particularly its financial markets, now the largest in the world—at the cost of inviting and defending Japanese trade and investment in America, they sometimes grumbled, but mostly backed it.

More broadly, such companies are strong supporters of the

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effort to negotiate international agreements on trade and other subjects that shift to international agencies powers that have long been jealously guarded by individual governments, as for example in the Administration's preferred version of a new accord on trade liberalization at the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade's so-called Uruguay Round. They have also stood behind the Administration's long campaign to (re)open Latin America and other parts of the Third World to the multinationals by making debt relief and other aid contingent on the establishment of private stock exchanges and new laws on foreign investment. And though the collapse of the Soviet Union has led to strains, most companies in this bloc remain convinced that a powerful military force is still an indispensable adjunct to the emerging "new world order." In the Middle East, where the Gulf War consolidated American power, they have also tilted somewhat more heavily in favor of closer relations with conservative Arab regimes, which continue to garner—and invest—the petrodollar surplus.

By comparison with this coalition's expansive global vision, its domestic policy preferences are less inspiring. Indeed, no great insight is required to see that the glaring imbalance between these two areas is the real root of the "vision thing," the problem that the President's critics keep harping on.

The growing dominance of the German mark in Europe now strongly constrains domestic American economic policy. The mark is a low-inflation currency. But in the long run, if the dollar is not to disappear as a vehicle for international trade and investment, the U.S. inflation rate must closely parallel Germany's—or investors will simply switch out. The result, in America, is much brave (and idle, if taken literally) talk about serious pursuit of a "zero rate of inflation"—in other than election years—and a strong bias toward austerity at all times (plainly visible in the figures for G.N.P. growth under the Bush Administration—the weakest since the demobilization following World War II).

Add to this the Bush bloc's broad commitment to laissez-faire, its conviction that only the harsh realities of the world marketplace will force economic readjustment within the United States and the realities of the deficit, which, under a formula championed by Council of Economic Advisers chairman Michael Boskin, is supposed to shrink slowly as a percentage of the G.N.P., and it is obvious that talk, which is cheap, is all the Administration can afford for the cities, for education, for the poor or even for the middle class.

A glance at the Bush campaign's contributor list, however, also shows vividly that, where real pressures for action are building up, more than ideology promotes the status quo. To witness the quite remarkable rate of contributions to the Bush campaign by top executives in the insurance industry, pharmaceuticals, private medical suppliers and doctors is to experience a feeling akin to the religious awe that Tocqueville said he felt as he contemplated what he thought was the inevitable onward march of equality in human history. Ditto for the rivers of cash flowing into the campaign from the leading companies in the oil and chemical industries, whose motto, in an age of increasing demands for environmental regulation, appears to be *Après moi le déluge*.

Thus, George Bush, the candidate of multinational America. Pat Buchanan's industrial base is a bit more complicated. Essentially, his campaign is a coalition—very likely unstable—of two distinct constituencies. The first is the protectionist part of the American textile industry, to which the notion of putting America First is as attractive in the nineties as it was in the thirties. The second—undoubtedly larger—group, by contrast, might be termed not the America First but the "Me First" constituency. This consists of a broad array of conservative, very well heeled private investors (who nevertheless rarely show up on the Forbes listings) and second-tier figures (virtually none occupy top slots) working in all sorts of industries, from finance to services. Dissatisfied with the "Tory wet" caution that has increasingly come to mark the Bush Administration, they appear to want two things above all: another big cut in capital gains taxes and, of course, still further cuts in both foreign and domestic spending. In sharp contrast to the former group, most of this faction has plenty of reasons to pitch in with the President in the fall campaign. In all probability, many have contributed to Buchanan in order

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to force the President to the right (with considerable success—already the President has denounced his own budget agreement with Congress and reintroduced proposals for capital gains tax cuts). □

(Next week: The Democrats try to sleep on a volcano.)

AN INTERNATION STORY

The C.I.A.'s Secret Armies in Europe

JONATHAN KWITNY

Eighteen months have passed since the sensational disclosure of Operation Gladio in Italy brought to light more than a dozen secret armies established in Western Europe by the United States Central Intelligence Agency at the start of the cold war. The armies were to constitute a "stay-behind network" to operate behind Soviet lines if the Red Army overran the Continent. After forty years of secrecy, the discovery of well-armed guerrilla organizations linked to the C.I.A.—even in officially neutral Switzerland, Sweden and Austria—provoked government inquiries, journalistic exposés and parliamentary debate [see Daniel Singer, "The Gladiators," December 10, 1990].

Today, however, public and most private investigations seem to have run out of steam. Although suspicions persist, evidence so far hasn't supported initial allegations that the secret armies used their hidden C.I.A.-supplied caches of weapons and explosives to carry out political violence that killed civilians.

But an inquiry conducted by InterNation in Europe discovered that the armies did become intertwined at times in other possible violations of law—conspiracies between the C.I.A. and many Europeans to keep Communist or militant socialists out of power in governments, labor unions and businesses across the Continent. Much new evidence of these political manipulations has surfaced because of interest in the secret armies. The programs, though officially separate, overlapped. As was the case when such C.I.A. operations were disclosed in the past, however, European authorities, mostly from political parties the agency was helping, have been disinclined to take action.

It was also learned that secret armies like Gladio and its counterparts in Germany and France at times got out of control and were used by groups promoting a return to fascism.

Additional research in the United States has revealed many efforts within the C.I.A. over the years to disband the secret armies on the grounds that they were obsolete or out of control. But the efforts were stopped by higher U.S. military and intelligence officials. Interviews with dozens of former C.I.A. and other intelligence officers involved in the armies revealed that agents were ordered to disband the German and French operations as early as 1953 after a scandal over the C.I.A.'s recruitment of a neo-Nazi group threatened to expose the German program. But both the French and German groups continued, at least until recently. Because of the C.I.A.'s practice of compartmentalizing information, some officers say they believed the programs they worked with had been ended long ago, only to learn otherwise in 1990.

Lieut. Col. Bernard Legrand, head of the Belgian stay-behind force for seven years until the government ordered it disbanded after the Gladio scandal, says programs continue covertly in many countries. But he won't name them; he says he thinks the armies are still necessary because the Eastern bloc threat could revive. Civilian authorities in Italy and Belgium say they worry the armies may still be operating extralegally in their countries.

The C.I.A. says everything about the armies is still classified and it won't discuss them.

Mark Wyatt, an acting chief of station in Rome in the 1960s who attended a secret C.I.A. training camp for Gladio soldiers in Sardinia, says he believes the program was valid and important in its early days. But, he adds, "in the sixties, the danger of Soviet invasion had lessened to the point that the Americans should have withdrawn. I think this thing should have been stopped long ago."

"Quite frankly," he says, the agency wanted to disband the armies and "tried to sell it [the idea] to the Pentagon. C.I.A. was unable to sell that." The reason, he says, was political: "The United States had made a commitment to keep Italy free, which meant being behind the centrist political parties—we'll give you funds, we'll give you logistical support, we'll give you training to run it [the armies]." The danger, he says, was that "in Italy, there's always a number of people that have adventurous ideas. And when they became aware that there were large numbers of arms buried all over Italy, it could have led to a coup d'état."

Indeed, a coup was attempted in Italy in 1970, and at least one man involved in Gladio acknowledges supporting it. Col. Amos Spiazzi, a third-generation officer in the regular Italian Army, says he tipped off coup leaders when he learned the army was about to act against them, but he was acquitted of criminal charges of participating in the coup. Also, while in the army Colonel Spiazzi selected candidates for Gladio; he says he was recruited for that job by an older officer he knew. Now he sits for an interview in his fortresslike home in Padua beside a large Italian flag and in front of a picture of Mussolini giving a Hitler-like salute.

Soon after the coup attempt, the C.I.A. tried to expand Gladio's covert role in Italian politics, according to documents and testimony from former Italian intelligence officials in the Gladio investigation last year. In 1972, evidence shows, C.I.A. officers Howard (Rocky) Stone, who in 1953 helped run the coup that brought the Shah to power in Iran, and Michael Sednoui visited Italian intelligence chiefs and urged them to

Jonathan Kwitny's latest book, Acceptable Risks, *will be published by Poseidon Books in late summer. The author wishes to thank Louis Wolf, who graciously provided certain records from* Covert Action Information Bulletin. *InterNation, a project of The Nation Institute, is a global consortium of journalists and periodicals dedicated to promoting investigative journalism on subjects that cross national borders.*

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use Vietnam-style counterinsurgency tactics against Italy's large Communist Party. Former intelligence chief Gen. Gerardo Serravalle testified that the C.I.A. men were "very explicit and urgent in requesting the organization Gladio be a key force in the anti-Communist opposition."

Investigators have accepted testimony that the Italians turned down Stone and Sednoui, after which the agency's training and support role in Gladio diminished somewhat—although American agents continued to provide money and attend meetings. Calls to Stone's office in Maryland were not returned. Sednoui couldn't be located.

David Whipple, retired head of the C.I.A.'s operations (covert action) branch for Europe, recalls that through 1979, when he moved to an unrelated assignment, "there were continued meetings, exercises, something like practice drills." On first being questioned, Whipple insisted the program was "neither designed nor used for any domestic purpose," and that "all this cock and bull about interference in domestic politics is a political thing from the opposition group in Italy." But later, Whipple conceded that after 1960, "the organizations continued because they took on a life of their own inside their own countries. For the United States to diminish its help for those groups would have indicated a lack of support. They wanted it. It was a gesture of good will. To justify that militarily, I would be hard pressed to do it."

Former C.I.A. officer Victor Marchetti, who held top headquarters staff posts in the 1960s before quitting to co-write a book about the agency, says, "When I was on the director's staff, Young Turks like me wanted to cut this stuff out. You had to replace teams overseas as they got older and died. With the advent of tactical nuclear weapons it became ridiculous. But operations people kept finding excuses for keeping them. People became assets in other ways for local station chiefs—a built-in network for any kind of covert acts we wanted to run."

Richard Helms, who was Director of Central Intelligence from 1966 to 1973, insists that the programs were all stopped before he took over as Director. "I had to sign off on all these projects—I would have known," he says, adding, "What would be the sense of keeping these operations so long?" Helms's assertion is simply untrue. (Helms has lied in the past about agency operations; in 1977, he was fined $2,000 by a U.S. district court for not testifying accurately to Congress about the C.I.A.'s role in Chile in the early 1970s.) Former Deputy Director for Intelligence Ray Cline says that when he was station chief in Bonn from 1966 to 1969, during the Helms era, he recommended to headquarters that the program be phased out; he says he was later surprised to learn that it hadn't been.

Retired C.I.A. officer Thomas Polgar, who held the Bonn post after Cline, says he doubted the merit of the stay-behind programs all along. "These plans were based on the assumption that Soviet forces would overrun Europe and very kindly stop at the channel and allow us to run the same kind of operations we were able to run the last years of World War II," he says. Polgar contends the programs were coordinated by "a sort of unconventional-warfare planning group" linked to NATO. The link is disputed in Italy and other countries, where supporters of the stay-behind armies say that parliamentary endorsement of the NATO treaty made the armies legal; opponents say the coordinating group was separate from NATO, and therefore the armies were unconstitutional.

At any rate, says Polgar, "they would meet every couple of months in different capitals, have wonderful lunches and discuss having compatible communications equipment, I.D. procedures, codes, food and, if the Russians advance, [ways] to overcome bureaucratic barriers to take people across borders. Each national service did it with varying degrees of intensity. In Italy in the 1970s, some of the people went a little bit beyond the charter that NATO put down."

When he became chief of station in Germany in the late 1970s, Polgar recalls, "I don't think anybody took this very seriously. It wasn't an activity to which you necessarily assigned your smartest people. But stopping something in a bureaucracy is always very difficult. Budgets are involved, jobs, power. I think a lot of the American taxpayers' money was sunk into the ground, as well as the German taxpayers' money and Italian taxpayers' money." How much? "I don't think anybody could tell you," Polgar says. "The national programs were run by the national services. There's no way the C.I.A. could be asked to give an accounting of what the Italians did with their caches."

Polgar claims the stay-behind armies were kept distinct from other C.I.A. operations that intervened in local politics, although he acknowledges that personnel sometimes overlapped. "If you used a local labor union to fight the Communists, it is quite possible that you would have asked the same labor leaders into the stay-behind network," he says.

Originally, stay-behind armies were built from groups that worked with Allied forces in World War II, except in Germany and nearby areas of Austria and Italy where former Nazi

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or Nazi-allied officers were knowingly recruited. Officials in some countries say the stay-behind idea existed locally before the C.I.A. became involved. In the late 1940s, European intelligence officials learned of Red Army contingency plans to sweep across Europe. The likelihood of such an invasion was always debated, but the danger seemed real enough to be worth protecting against, at least at the beginning.

"It took two years to establish communications with Tito after the Germans took over Yugoslavia," says Franklin Lindsay, who worked in that effort during World War II, and who later joined the C.I.A. and helped initiate the stay-behind programs. "People said, 'God, we don't want that to happen again.' " So, Lindsay says, it was decided to recruit "a small number of people with radios and codes." He emphasizes *small*. "The more people who were involved, the worse your security would be," he says. Caches of weapons were supplied "just for a few people so they could go to the forest and secure themselves." The caches contained "maybe a few hundred pounds of explosives to attack a very important target such as a railway bridge." Eventually, the armies ranged from about 100 men, the best estimate in Belgium, to more than 2,000, the best estimate in Italy.

Edward Barnes, a former C.I.A. colleague of Lindsay's, says, "All kinds of things were stuck away in remote places, almost anything people would think might be needed," including gold coins and bicycles, although Barnes says radio equipment and codes were the top priority. Resisting a Soviet occupation was the primary motivation, he contends, but he acknowledges that promoting anti-Communist political activity in the host country "might have been a secondary consideration."

Members were recruited by Americans. The nationals who were brought in then recruited others, as troops, as leaders or for a needed skill. The C.I.A. supplied the equipment and the local forces buried or otherwise hid it, sources agree. Lindsay says most European intelligence officials welcomed C.I.A. leadership for fear their own governments had been infiltrated by Communist supporters.

The C.I.A.'s stay-behind program in Germany was the first to cause a public scandal. In 1952, West German police discovered that the C.I.A. was working with a 2,000-member fascist youth group led by former Nazi officers. Although the nature of the international stay-behind network wasn't exposed, the United States was embarrassed by the resulting furor in the German Parliament. It was disclosed that the C.I.A.-supported group had a blacklist of persons to be "liquidated" as "unreliable" in case of conflict with the Soviet Union. On the list were not just Communists but leaders of the Social Democratic Party serving in Parliament, plus socialists and other government officials. Recently declassified documents obtained by American historian Christopher Simpson reveal a calculated State Department cover-up of the incident. The United States denied "knowledge of the political activities" and suggested, falsely, that the program had been ended (an assertion accepted by *The New York Times*). Other documents Simpson has unearthed from the Truman era show a detailed program to persuade French and Italian political allies to harass Communist Party members covertly and deprive them of ordinary jobs and even normal social welfare benefits. Similar activities were carried out in neutral Austria.

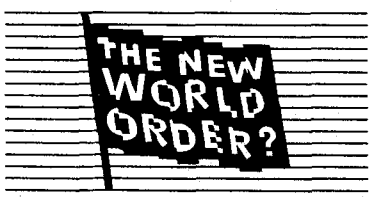
When Gladio exploded late in 1990, there were calls in the German Parliament for an investigation of the German program. Then the calls were quietly withdrawn. But last year, a newsletter published by the Austrian Defense Ministry alleged that Germany's stay-behind program may have suffered a second scandal, similar to the one in 1952, but one that never became public. The newsletter reported extraordinary parallels between the location and contents of the buried arms caches of the stay-behind networks, and weapons storehouses found in 1981 by West German forest workers near the East German border. Those weapons—rifles, ammunition and grenades—were traced to the military training of a youth group run by neo-Nazi Heinz Lembke, who was arrested.

At the time, Lembke was portrayed as a crazed extremist training troops secretly in the forest. He had founded other neo-Nazi youth groups since 1960; at least one had been banned. The day before Lembke's scheduled trial, he died in prison and his death was ruled a suicide. The editor of the Austrian Defense Ministry publication, retired Gen. Franz Freistaetter, says he personally oversaw the article suggesting Lembke was using stay-behind caches to train his neo-Nazi troops, and believes it, though its author insisted on anonymity.

In Austria itself, the press has used the Gladio scandal as an excuse to report C.I.A. violations of Austrian neutrality. Documents obtained by Simpson show that, in 1955, when the Allied occupation of Austria ended on condition the country would stay neutral, the United States double-crossed the Soviet Union by insisting on secret U.S.-Austrian agreements making Austria almost a silent partner in NATO in return for stepped-up U.S. aid.

American taxpayers unwittingly spent up to $10 million a year to arm and fund unionists who opposed labor groups that were aggressively seeking a larger slice of the national economic pie. One former C.I.A.-supported unionist, Franz Olah, who eventually became Austria's Minister of the Interior, told an Austrian television interviewer last year how he and his group defeated a 1950 general strike by rival unionists.

"It wasn't our intention to fight Communism in the Soviet Union," he said, "but to fight against the attempts of Communism in our own country. We took weapons. We also had modern plastic explosives, which were easy to handle. I had



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a small arsenal of weapons in my office. There must have been a couple of thousand people working for us." He told of coordinated armed bands with radio gear in each of Austria's nine provinces, and hinted that all the supplies came from his American contacts. "Only very, very high politicians and some members of the union knew about it," he said.

Olah declined to tell InterNation whether he was part of a stay-behind unit, or how the weapons and explosives were used. Eugen Burgstaller, who retired from the C.I.A. in 1979 and spent much of the 1950s in Vienna, says Olah was in other C.I.A. operations but not a stay-behind network.

Retired officer Barnes remembers that while he was in France in 1953, the C.I.A. ordered him to end the stay-behind program there, but to keep contact with the recruits, who might be used in other ways. He says he was told that the scandal-scarred program in Germany was also slated to close. Obviously, he was misinformed.

Barnes says the French program consisted of several dozen men individually recruited by the agency, each of whom was to build a small network of his own recruits. In all, he says, the C.I.A. "had no record of how many people would come out of the woodwork. There was no way to calculate that. Those I met were farmers, townspeople, tradespeople." Mostly war veterans, they didn't need much training, he says. Barnes emphasizes the instability of French politics before de Gaulle, the frequent changes of prime ministers. "There were probably a lot of Frenchmen who wanted to be ready if something happened," he says.

Barnes says he could meet with only about ten C.I.A. recruits. He had to be careful "for fear of blowing me and blowing them. You couldn't go out and just say, 'Dig this stuff up, Joe.' There were probably all kinds of things that went awry. Some of those guys didn't bury things where they said they did." Still, he says, he thought he had disbanded the army without the French government's ever having heard of it. He hadn't.

Barnes left France in 1956. Three years later, says Constantin Melnik, then the new security adviser for the de Gaulle government, he was told about the network—which he says he already knew about—and was asked to disband it. Melnik, who had just worked six years in France for the RAND Corporation, a California-based planning contractor for the C.I.A. and the Pentagon, says de Gaulle's intelligence chief, Paul Grossin, told him the French government felt threatened by the network, some of whose members supported a group of generals who were resisting, sometimes violently, de Gaulle's attempts to negotiate Algerian independence and end the war there. "Any group with radios and training would be very dangerous for the security of France," Melnik says. And so, he says, he disbanded the network. In fact, according to Rémy Calandra, Defense Ministry spokesman for the Mitterrand administration, the program continued until recently. Calandra denies any misconduct by the secret army in France but says the program "went out of control in some countries like Belgium and Italy, where it was used as an opportunity for mobsters or the far right to meet."

Adm. Pierre Lacoste, who was dismissed as head of the French secret service in 1985 for his role in the sinking of the

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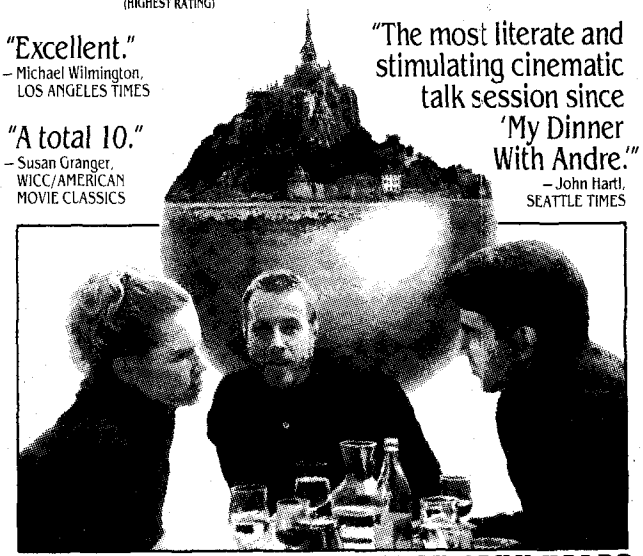

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Greenpeace protest vessel Rainbow Warrior, still believes that Soviet contingency plans for invasion justified the program through his term in office. He acknowledges that some "terrorist actions" against de Gaulle and his Algerian peace plan were carried out by groups that included "a limited number of people" from the French stay-behind network. But he says that's the only time it got political.

The stay-behind networks of officially neutral countries like Switzerland and Sweden distanced themselves from the C.I.A. by not sending representatives to coordinating council meetings, according to people who attended. But the programs were parallel. The Swiss Parliament determined that the secret army there, known as P-26, didn't violate official neutrality because it worked under a bilateral security training arrangement with Britain. The Swiss press, however, has observed that P-26 followed the same pattern as other networks—for example, adopting an expensive new radio system, known as Harpoon, when it was acquired by the rest of the networks in the 1980s. Opponents call the bilateral pact with Britain a fig leaf, but the investigation appears closed.

Former C.I.A. officer Paul Garbler confirms that Sweden had a C.I.A.-coached stay-behind program, created by former Director of Central Intelligence William Colby (who told about it in his 1978 memoirs without hinting that the program continued past the 1950s). But Garbler says, "I'm not able to talk with you about it without causing the Swedes a good deal of heartburn." Garbler, who served two tours of duty in Sweden, the last ending in 1976, says the Swedish government was a "direct participant," as were "local people outside of politics, but of some standing in the country." He adds, "If it has ended, I don't know when it ended."

Still, what seems to interest European prosecutors most is that investigations haven't substantiated charges that stay-behind members masterminded a series of terrorist bombings in Italy and supermarket shootings in Belgium. Belgian official investigators and journalists say they have discredited allegations by a prisoner that the supermarket shootings were tied to the stay-behind program.

Senator Libero Gualtieri, the head of the Italian Parliament's recently completed investigation, says he thinks that if the committee had been given the full truth, it would "probably" show that some missing C.I.A.-supplied explosives from Gladio were used in terrorist bombings in Italy. He found records showing that Gladio had been used for domestic spying, but the examples seemed relatively innocuous. His staff points out, however, that intelligence agencies were given time to cleanse their files before having to turn them over. The committee couldn't find solid evidence of violence or subversion.

Judge Felice Casson of Venice, whose investigation of a 1972 bombing that killed three policemen led to the discovery of Gladio, says he's still investigating. So are military prosecutors. But charges that Judge Casson brought against two former intelligence chiefs last year over their involvement in Gladio were recently thrown out in Rome by senior prosecutors, who rebuked Casson for filing them.

Pending unexpected new evidence of violence, the stay-behind matter seems closed—not because there was no wrongdoing but because most people are satisfied with the outcome of the cold war and aren't inclined to open old wounds over politics. Many Socialist and Communist politicians who think their parties were illegally deprived of power would still like to see justice done and the truth uncovered. Some journalists and historians, naturally eager to solve mysteries, would like to see an all-European official probe.

But the predominant reaction right now seems to be that of Roberto Cicciomessere, a parliamentarian from Italy's Radical Party. A year ago, Cicciomessere says, he was eager to undertake his assignment on the committee investigating Gladio. Like Judge Casson, he suspected a great scandal. But having looked at what he found, and reflecting on the defeat of Communism, Cicciomessere has turned 180 degrees. "I think Gladio was a good thing," he says. □

AMERICANS TALK ABOUT RACE

'I'm Saying Racism Is Unnatural'

STUDS TERKEL

The following is an excerpt from Studs Terkel's new book of oral histories, Race, *published on April 6 by The New Press.*

Frank Lumpkin had worked at Wisconsin Steel "for thirty years and one week," until the gates were shut on March 28, 1980. Long before, he had worked the mills in Buffalo and had sailed merchant ships during World War II.

After the shutdown, "I started this Save Our Jobs Committee. I'm still puttin' in six days a week, sometimes more. [Laughs.] *We started in with this surplus food. We'd pass it out once or twice to workers and their families. We give out five pounds of cheese and some butter. We get some rice and honey and make them a bag and these steelworkers come around and pick it up for their families. Five hundred bags run out, just like that."*

He and his wife live in a one-family dwelling on the South Side of Chicago. It is a street not much different from one in any solid working-class community in the city. "It's a neighborhood where peoples care about their property." Though predominantly black, there are white neighbors. "Next door is white, and two doors is white, and across the street is a Chinese lady. They're old-timers. They just didn't go when they had the flight."

When things is good, it's not so critical. But when things get bad, like now, like the depression startin' in, the advantage of color really amounts to something. They got white, black, both hungry. If both of them is full, everything seem to be working all right.

This whole business of affirmative action was no problem at all till the jobs run out. It's no big thing when you're on the job. But when it comes to the point where giving you your

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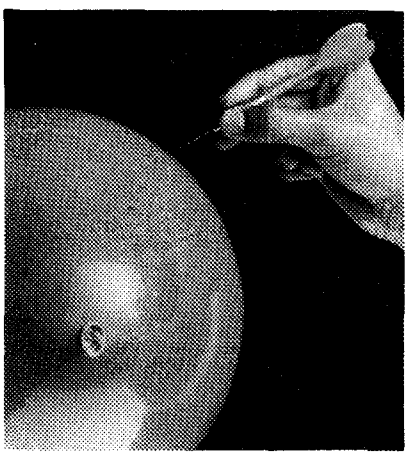

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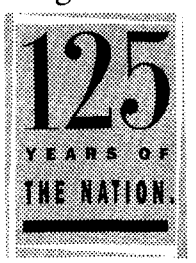

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equal rights would be a real hardship for me, it's why should I do this? I saw this affirmative action coming at the beginning of the cutback on jobs. . . .

It ain't easy for a man to give in if it hurts his family, for equality or for what's right.

When I come north to Buffalo, I come from where you pick oranges. In the South, a black boy could run the tractors, the heavy work, and the plows. When I got North, it was all white running the big things. Because of the union scale, the pay was higher. It wasn't according to how much work you done, it was according to how much pay it was on the job. So blacks was eliminated from truckdrivers, crane operators, because they were big-paying jobs.

Race is only used when it's to somebody's advantage, and I don't mean the workingman's advantage. It's never to our advantage. It's always an advantage to the man that's making the money, who's using these guys, to use this thing to divide them. It's not an advantage to the white *or* the black in the final analysis. During the war, when we had to do it, we did it together. The sea and everything else. Critical times, man forgets color.

I remember Trumbull Park, near our steel plant. Roughly, '53. This black family movin' in. Gangs come by and break windows. Black and white protected the family. They would break glasses of black workers' cars when they was comin' in. The gang boys told the white guys to put white handkerchiefs on their car and they wouldn't hit it. But whenever a black worker seen the white worker car with a hanky on it, he'd say, "What the hell are you doing?" They stopped doing this kind of thing because they seen that it was self-serving.

There was a black guy got off the bus with his lunch bucket in his hand, he started comin' to the mill, and a mob got in behind him. They start running him. And the white guys

in the plant saw this and they says, "Son-of-a-bitch, do you see them runnin' that guy? We gotta stop this." And we did, never mind the politicians and the police. The guys who work together know each other and that's what it's all about. It's no problem walking through Trumbull Park now. It's integrated to a great degree. They got a project in there now that's white and black.

My observation is that racism is dying. But as things die, sometimes they intensify. It's like clinging on to whatever it can grab. It don't mean it's not dangerous, it's intensified. You do everything you can to try to stop the changes with everything you got. But it don't mean, like in Trumbull Park, peoples is automatically opposed to anybody that comes there. While all this racism was going on, they never attacked the mailman and he was black. They never attacked the black crossing guard. They just didn't attack black per se.

If you worked at a steel mill at one time or another, you may have saved your fellow worker's life, leg or arm. We had to support each other in that mill, otherwise—I remember one white guy arguing with another white guy when he called another guy "black bastard." He said, "You son-of-a-bitch, if he hadn't of pulled you out from in that hole, you'd have been dead, gassed to death." One looked out for the other, had to.

Another struggle I was in was in Buffalo when they had racism on a boat that goes from Buffalo to Canada. They wouldn't let black guys on, only white. I organized a protest. They got mad and the police grabbed this guy and they was twistin' his arms. I grabbed the cop to try to tell him not to hurt this young guy. And he cracked me across and busted my hat. They got me for interfering with an arrest by an officer.

They had a trial and the jury was stacked with white tavern owners. They got a black prosecutor. You could look at the jury and you said: Son-of-a-gun, you's a dead duck. I expected a write-up in the papers, convicted by an all-white jury. The jury come back: Not guilty. Everybody in the courtroom jumped up and started clapping. Unbelievable.

It tells me simply that racism is not an automatic thing. It's an organized prejudice against people. Racism, you just don't come out and be this way. It's got to be some motivation behind it, by telling peoples they're gonna lose the value of their house or this or that. I'm saying racism is unnatural.

In the South where I come up, I used to play with two guys, Paul and Frank Harvey, white boys. We made boats, we made everything together. Only when it was time to go to school, we had to part company. Slowly but surely, this thing grew out of the system in the South.

When I come up from Georgia and got off the bus in Washington, D.C., they said you're going into God's country now. I thought I was going to be equal. I'm still looking for that equality. Actually, it isn't a simple thing that equality will come automatically. It's a system. In some countries, it's religion. It's anything that causes one man to feel superior to another.

Racism is a business. When they was organizing the packinghouses, they brought in these black guys from the South on boats to break the strikes. What happens? Some of these black guys become the main organizers of the union. The backbone. It's black and white.

I can see the light even though it's still dark around you. I don't think nothing can stop it. I'm talkin' about integration.

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I see black nationalism as a dangerous thing. My son is a doctor and he was investigating these homes where they keep peoples at state expense. Nursing homes. This home was really bad and it was black-owned. When he talked about improvement, they gets a lawyer and he says, "How come you bother about a black home?" He says, "This home is not suitable for poor black peoples and I'm gonna fight it, lock 'em up." He says, "I'm not doing this because it's black, I'm doing it because of what you're doing to black people. They're not being served. I don't care if it's run by black or white, it's wrong and I'm going to fight it."

He lost the case because the big town people said: You ain't gonna shut down a black home. This is part of the whole segregation that's got to be analyzed.

I am open-minded about a lot of this thing. We had one of the peoples come to see me, and he's a good friend. I had a picture of Christ. He had a cup of coffee and he looked at the wall and say, "You mean to tell me you got a blond-head, blue-eyed Christ on your wall?" By ding, I thought, You so-and-so. Honest to goodness, I said, "I very seldom do this, but it's a good idea if you get out of my house. I don't mind you being critical, but don't come in and tell me what I got to put over my walls."

There is a gap between the Latinos and the blacks. It's what happened in our shop in the seventies when the affirmative-action program started. They had to make some changes for the blacks in all departments. They had to have black foremen, black superintendents—everything but owners. [*Laughs.*] This went right down the mill. They got a black and a white.

The Latinos said, look, if you're gonna get a black, you gotta get a Latino. So they *centered* not on the white, but on the weakest link in the chain: "If the blacks gonna get up, We wanna get up." I says, "Look, they got twenty white foremen and only one black foreman, and you arguing about the one black that come up." It's not that they're fighting the black, they're fighting for the *just end*, but it seems that we're fighting against each other. I'm watching the schools and it could easily turn out that the Latino principal is going to fight the black principal.

When I set up our Save Our Jobs Committee, I put two white, two blacks, and two Latinos in leadership. I did it purposely because I know working people. They want representation. When we go into the room to discuss anything, all the nationalities discuss it. The only strength we got is integrated strength.

I know one thing, there is good peoples behind all colors of skin. If I don't find it in this white guy, I'll find it in that white guy. It's there. I'm 100 percent sure of that. It's good guys in the white group, it's good guys in the black group, it's good guys in the Latino group. What we have to do is search and find them. When you're in a struggle, you can't leave a part of society out. Nobody wants to be *told* the story. They want to see it, they want to feel it, and they want to be there.

There's something inside a man that can make him become extra. When you read John Brown, when you read the lives of great mens, who went beyond the norm, it was something that was behind them. Something that propelled them into these things. I don't know where it comes from, but it's just something that won't let you run away from a fight. If you

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walk away, you walk right back and say, "Wait a minute, I'll never be right if I walk away from this fight." You walk back and get involved, and when it's over, you're glad you did it. You hope that you'll be able to do it again.

But you have to generate this kind of *better living*. When you walk in a picket line or walk by the police and then look back and see the multitudes, the people behind you, you begin to feel high. No drug comes close to it. □

NO ONE NOTICED

Paraders Out Of the Past

WAYNE BIDDLE

I had been in the Library of Congress all day, reading about von Papen and the end of Weimar Germany. This is not a subject I come to by birth, so to speak, but I am starting a biography of Wernher von Braun, the rocket scientist, and know that I must eat the can of worms that is German history. I fret about the contemporary relevance of von Braun and about my reluctance to spend the next three years with him, but my wife (who is Jewish in the way that I am Christian—that is, both of us now thousands of light-years from an imprint of childhood) believes that he is one of the century's improbable archetypes. Since she has an uncanny sense for these things, I am becoming an expert in historical matters I have always been happy to regard from a distance.

Exhausted by the crises of 1932, I leave for home. Outside on Independence Avenue, the afternoon sky is a styptic, January gray. I try to take my normal path to the Metro station, but find it blocked by thousands of people. I remember from the morning news that today is the annual antiabortion rally on the anniversary of *Roe v. Wade*. Most of the demonstrators seem to be teenagers, many wearing Catholic school jackets, escorted by parents and grandparents whose faces show the strain of lives that are not going well. But the kids look amazingly pure, hopeful, holding hands and clowning. It is a field trip for them, I realize, a day off. A few carry big posters of mutilated fetuses.

Two handsome young priests walk by. "Thanks for coming, priests!" the girls near me shout. On First Street, a darker, more run-down group, somehow not as gloriously American as these, walk close together under a huge, primitive portrait of Jesus flayed alive to expose a shining heart. A lone nun, thin and boyish, grips a hand-lettered sign about stopping the killing, but I cannot read her cramped scrawl.

As I push on through the crowd, which is encircling the Capitol, I find that most of the demonstrators are familiar to me from the Baltimore neighborhoods I grew up in thirty-five years ago. They are all white, they look like they dwell on the harder side of the middle-class midline, they are unstylish and educated along common denominators. I have been reading for years in the papers that they feel squeezed from all sides, but it has been many more years since I felt that I understood them at all, class traitor that I am.

As I approach the thickest part of the crowd, in front of the Supreme Court, whose Olympian white steps are guarded by helmeted cops ("Go to church!" one of them, or perhaps the father of one of them, shrieked at me near here long ago as he clubbed my neck while attempting to clear the street of antiwar demonstrators), I hear the roll of marching drums. It is a high school band, I assume, though a parade seems not exactly right under these circumstances. Walking to the curb, I see a line of boys with Yankee Doodle drums and heavy sticks, beating a dull rhythm only slightly faster than a dirge. Behind them are perhaps several dozen more young men carrying banners on high poles. They all have astonishingly white skin and rosy cheeks, but they look grim, like this is not exactly a field trip. Unlike the kids in the crowd, who invariably wear the gaudy nylon and denim of American television teenagerdom, these boys are wearing drab wool overcoats. It occurs to me that they are not American at all, but what do I know at this point? From their high poles hang long scarlet banners that match the sashes draped across each marcher's shoulder. "Life, Family, Tradition," the banners say in old-fashioned German script. A vast white sheet proclaims that foreign-born workers are invading Europe to steal jobs, that we must prevent this from happening here and that . . . but I cannot read the rest of the semiliterate screed. Some of the kids along the sidewalk join in behind the procession with their antiabortion signs, but most of the demonstrators pay little attention. There are other groups in the street, and no one seems to find this one much different from the rest. In my head flash photographs from the library books I have been reading, and I suddenly feel a slight loss of armature.

I should scream a warning to the other marchers, I think, but I don't know how. I instead walk quickly away, out of the demonstration, away from the Capitol toward the empty side streets. An old man, obviously psychotic, holding a sign that makes no sense at all, sees me coming and intuits that I am not one of the antiabortionists. Stop and talk! he tells me. He is right, of course, but I brush past him and rush down the Metro escalator. The evening news will not show what I have seen. I feel as though I have sighted an alien spaceship, poised to invade my puny world. Is it possible that I was the only one to recognize them? The newspapers will never report this. I go home to tell my wife, who is all I have. □

Wayne Biddle is the author of Barons of the Sky, *a history of the aerospace weapons industry.*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

The Tie That Binds

NORA EPHRON

The following is adapted from a speech delivered at The Nation Institute's recent forum, "Hollywood and History: The Debate Over JFK."

I am not here to talk about *JFK* per se, but about what it is like to have written a movie based on something that happened. Nine years ago, Alice Arlen and I wrote the screenplay for *Silkwood*. It was a carefully annotated script, meticulously researched, and we kept scrupulously to what we determined were the key historical facts of the case. In Karen Silkwood we wrote a character who was considerably closer to whoever Silkwood was than to the person who had been written about in journalistic accounts—most of which had tended to whitewash Karen and gloss over certain less-than-perfect aspects of her character. In fact, what drew Alice and me to Karen Silkwood's story were the less-than-perfect aspects, and what we tried to write was not a movie about a heroic woman who did something heroic but rather the story of a complicated and interesting and flawed woman who quite unexpectedly did something heroic. We were extremely proud of the job we did and of the movie Mike Nichols made from it, and we were completely unprepared for what happened when it came out, which was first, an article in the Arts and Leisure section of *The New York Times* that focused completely on comparing the "facts" in the movie with the "facts" of the Silkwood case; and second, about two weeks later, a *New York Times* editorial denouncing the movie as a "docudrama." A docudrama, in case you don't know, is a movie *The New York Times* disagrees with the politics of.

The point I am trying to make here is that it doesn't matter whether you are good little girls like Alice and me or big bad boys like Oliver Stone. *The New York Times* is going to pound you into the ground.

They will not bother, of course, if your movie is *Out of Africa*, or *GoodFellas*, or *The Pride of the Yankees*, or *Bugsy*, or *The Glenn Miller Story*, or *Lawrence of Arabia*—to name just a few of the wonderful movies that have done what any movie based on something that actually happened must do: *which is to impose a narrative*. So no one really objects that Denys Finch Hatton didn't really see Isak Dinesen on a train on her way to Africa, or that Tommy De Simone was actually very tall, or that Mrs. Lou Gehrig looked nothing whatsoever like Teresa Wright. These things don't matter, because they . . . don't matter. For something to matter it must be political—or more important, ambiguous, deliciously ambiguous, unresolved, mythic. The very thing that attracts a filmmaker to a project is the thing that guarantees his life will be hell once he makes it.

For something to matter it must be political—or more important, ambiguous, deliciously ambiguous, unresolved, mythic.

Because suddenly, the filmmaker has ventured onto forbidden turf, and on this turf is a big sign that says Keep Off the Grass. In the case of *JFK*, the attack is that much worse because the press is one of the reasons we still don't know what happened in Dallas, and whenever you write something that implies that the press is not doing its job, or has not done its job, you get into trouble with journalists because you mortify them. (Incidentally, this happens with books too, not just with movies. It happened with *All the President's Men* and *The Final Days*, to name two books that were mortifying to the press, and I would suggest that the recent gang rape of Robert Caro on the ground that he was wrong about Coke Stevenson was actually inspired by the mortification he caused the press by discovering things about Lyndon Johnson, particularly about the source of his fortune, that had lain around undiscovered by the press for years. But I digress.)

So. You venture onto the grass. But no one says, Keep Off the Grass. That would give the game away. What the press says as a rule is not that they mind your being on the grass but that they object to your methodology. What they say is that they have no problem with your making a movie of this sort as long as you stick to the facts. Now this is a fairly comical notion, because it implies that having the facts correct means that the story you tell is correct, as we all know the number of times we have read things that were correct on the facts but just plain wrong. In the case of *JFK*, the most commonly objected-to of Oliver Stone's methods was the combining of documentary footage with film footage. But the truth is that Stone could have done without all that, and in addition he could have changed Garrison into the flawed human being he actually was—and why didn't you, Oliver? oh never mind—the point is you could do any number of things and the press will still find something to object to. They will point to a silver fork that was actually stainless steel, or a breakfast that was actually a dinner, or some character you have made a composite of, or some event you have telescoped—something that proves that you have got it wrong. And they will fall on this like a fumbled football and wave it in the air to show that you have distorted the truth. All of this is nonsense; that's what I'm trying to say. Because what the press is truly objecting to are not your techniques but that you're there at all, that you have a political agenda and—and this is the important part—that you are imposing a narrative. Or put more simply, that you are telling a story.

Now it is a writer's obligation to impose a narrative. Everyone does this. Every time you take a lump of material and turn it into something you are imposing a narrative. *It's a writer's obligation to do this*. And, by the same token, it is apparently a journalist's obligation to pretend that he never does anything of the sort. The journalist claims to believe that the narrative emerges from the lump of material, rises up and smacks you in the face like marsh gas.

A couple of years after *Silkwood* was attacked in *The New York Times* I found myself at the New York Bar Association on a program on docudramas with Max Frankel. Frankel was at the time the editorial page editor of the *Times*; he is now executive editor of the paper. And I want to tell you what he said when it was his

Nora Ephron is a writer. Her latest film is This Is My Life.

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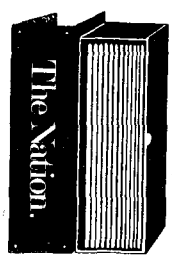

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turn to speak. He said that he was wearing a tie, which indeed he was, and he held his tie up for all of us to see. He said that he had put the tie on that morning and that it had special meaning for him, it was a gift of enormous sentimental value—he went on at some length about the tie, although never being much more specific than that, so we never did find out what was so special about the tie, or who gave it to him, and I don't even remember what it looked like. When I called him about this a couple of days ago, he not only didn't remember what it looked like either but he didn't even remember the story, although he did say that it sounded like the sort of thing he might have said (which I assure you he did). Here's what he went on to say: He said that if you put an actor into a movie playing him, giving a speech at the New York Bar Association, wearing an identical tie, it would not be the truth because you would have no way of knowing what that tie meant to him. Now I love this story. I love it because it's so honest. And I love it because it's right out there: Max Frankel honestly believes there's only one version of the story, and it's his. But I just told you my version, and I promise you it's just as good.

I said to him that night, Max, you mean we can't even make *Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet*? And he said, That's right. He was quite cheerful about it. By the way, when I called to check the story with him the other day, he continued in his merry way by ending the phone call with me by saying, And congratulations on your recent success in fiction.

Fiction and nonfiction. Is that all there is? Or to put it in the opposite way, as Edgar Doctorow did in an essay a few years back: "I am thus led to the proposition that there is no fiction or nonfiction as we commonly understand the distinction: there is only narrative."

Edgar Doctorow brings me to another story. Years ago, Doctorow wrote a novel called *The Book of Daniel*. It happens to be a masterpiece. It is a novel that was clearly inspired by the historical fact and ongoing myth of the Rosenberg case, and is an improvisation on it. (I always feel that someone should mention the Rosenbergs at any event sponsored by *The Nation* in Town Hall.) The characters in the book are named the Isaacsons, and when it was published, it received splendid reviews. Some years later, Sidney Lumet made a movie based on the book, called *Daniel*. And when the *New York Times* Arts and Leisure section put out its hit on the movie—an article that, it will not surprise you to hear, compared the events in the movie with the facts of the Rosenberg case—it actually said that Mandy Patinkin was playing the part of Julius Rosenberg. So here we have the case of a writer who removed something from fact, who never pretended to be telling the story of the Rosenbergs, but they nailed him for it anyway.

Having said all this, let me speak to the topic as I understand it, which is what the obligations of film are to history. As someone who was trained as a journalist, I have strong feelings about this that I suspect are slightly more rigid than the average screenwriter's. I believe that you have to hit the marks, whatever the marks are. The marks differ from project to project, and there's no way to make a simple rule about what they are. In the case of *Silkwood*, as I explained, one of the primary marks was Karen's character, which we believed we had a moral obligation to convey, warts and all. There were, in addition, a number of episodes that, it seemed to us, had to be conveyed as accurately and with as little dramatic license as was possible. When we got to areas where it was not known what happened—like when Karen Silkwood's urine sample was contaminated with radiation—we did not depict anything in connection with that that wasn't known at the time. At the time, we did compress things; we made up the characters of the people Karen worked with, et cetera. We made a movie that was our version of what had happened. What we believed was that we had written something that conveyed—not the truth, but what it was like, sort of, maybe, and what it was like in a way that ordinary journalism couldn't come close to.

It was clear to me when I saw *JFK* that I was seeing Oliver Stone's version of the story. And I didn't object to it, any more than I object to the 601 books that have been written about the assassination. One of the problems with the movie *JFK* is that it is more ambiguous and brilliant than its defenders, but that shouldn't be held against the movie, which in its own way is not just a wild and wacky look at the assassination but manages to capture thirty years of Kennedy assassination madness and recapitulate it in a way that seems to me practically ontological (I hope I'm using that word correctly). What intensified this even further was Oliver Stone's splendid performance as himself, a performance that was genuine-

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ly inspirational to those of us who were bewildered and cowering in the same circumstances. Unfortunately, though, there are very few directors who want to make a movie and spend the four months after it opens with Ted Koppel. On the contrary: Most directors will look at a similar sort of movie and say to themselves, life is too short.

There are people who say that movies have a special obligation in this area, that for instance young people will see *JFK* and think that the Joint Chiefs of Staff killed President Kennedy. But I don't know why they think this any more than I did. And what if they do? Eventually they will grow up and figure it out for themselves. Or else they won't. It's not the issue and it's not the filmmaker's responsibility.

The real danger is not that we might have an inaccurate movie—which, by the way, never hurt anyone. The real danger is that the wholesale, knee-jerk objection to movies based on things that happened might result in something far worse, which is a chilling effect on the creation of works of art. □

Cape Fear

JENEFER SHUTE

AN ACT OF TERROR. *By André Brink. Summit. 834 pp. $25.*

Afrikaner: "What a tricky, precarious, unmanageable word," muses the protagonist of André Brink's new novel, *An Act of Terror*. What does it mean, he wonders, and what could it mean? Does Afrikaner have to be synonymous with apartheid, an "anachronism and swearword to the world"? Does this white tribe, descended from Dutch settlers who arrived on the tip of Africa three and a half centuries ago, have no choice but to witness the extinction of its culture in the world's withering contempt? Or could Afrikaner be "chiselled and hammered into other meanings," beginning with the most radical of all: "Afrikaner: native of Africa"?

An Act of Terror represents Brink's monumental effort to hammer and chisel the story of the Afrikaners, his own tribe, into a history that might have a future; it's a countermythology—almost, in its scope, a counter-edifice to the Voortrekker Monument, Pretoria's shrine to Afrikaner nationalism, where the chronicle of the *volk* is carved in stone. Disowning this creation myth, Brink sets out, with great moral urgency, to write another, to reframe the question of his people's presence and purpose in South Africa. "Through what accidents of birth and genes is one relegated to one's corner of the earth, what responsibility does one assume for it?" asks his protagonist, Thomas Landman, a Boer who can trace his forebears back through thirteen bloody generations.

Thomas, a 28-year-old photographer, has arrived at an answer that makes him a traitor to his *volk*: He has joined the underground, committed himself to the armed struggle and, as the novel opens, prepares to carry out his act of terror, an assassination. During the countdown to the bombing, Thomas and his comrade/lover, Nina, imagine what the newspapers will be asking the next day: *What could have possessed two talented young Afrikaners from good homes to betray everything that is dear to their people?* The answer, Brink implies, is *An Act of Terror*, all 834 pages of it. As the novel builds up to the bombing, it traces, in flashback, the moral trajectory that has brought Thomas to this point. After the badly botched explosion, Thomas flees, revisiting scenes from his past in an itinerary that serves the novelistic purposes of retrospection better than those of a trained guerrilla on the run. (I don't claim to be an expert on underground tactics, but it seems to me that showing up at the home of estranged family members is not the best way to remain invisible.)

On the day before his act, Thomas asks himself, "What was the meaning of 'beginning'? Where were the roots of what was to happen at fifteen minutes to eleven tomorrow morning?" Thomas's personal history, Brink suggests, is insufficient to explain anything, too new and tentative a shoot to peel away from the roots and earth and long-buried dead that have engendered it. Perhaps it all began when one Hendrick Willemszoon Landman abandoned his wife and children in Rotterdam and stowed away on a Dutch East India Company ship, washing up on the Cape's "little shore of history some time in 1662 or 1663 like so much other human debris." This, at least, is Thomas's reconstruction of his origins, based on the gaps and silences in the official Landman genealogy. His counterversion, "The Chronicle of the Landman Family, As Reconstructed by Thomas Landman," appears as a 200-page "Supplement" to the novel, which Brink instructs us to regard as a "floating presence in the text, to be read where and when the reader chooses."

Thus, *An Act of Terror* weaves together a multitude of narratives and discourses: a chronicle of Afrikaner history; a personal meditation on what it means to be an Afrikaner; an anguished debate on the ethics of violence; an exercise in multiple points of view, as we hear the inner monologues of those Thomas encounters in his travels; a cat-and-mouse chase as Thomas's nemesis, Brigadier Kat Bester of the Special Branch, closes in on him; and a love story (which to my mind is the least convincing part of the book). It's a work of epic scope and inclusiveness, rich with all the cadences of South Africa, from Cape township slang to the strangled utterances of the ruling class. (Thomas's father, tellingly, can never finish his sentences.) Although Brink now writes mainly in English, he has said that many of the voices in *An Act of Terror* came to him in Afrikaans first, and something of that language's idiomatic structure lingers in the text like a linguistic unconscious.

Echoes of Brink's other works also sound in this novel: like *An Instant in the Wind* (1975) and *A Chain of Voices* (1982), it turns to South Africa's history to illuminate the present; like *A Dry White Season* (1979), it traces an Afrikaner's coming-to-consciousness; and like *A Chain of Voices*, it uses multiple narrators. Fortunately, Brink has abandoned his quintessentially white-South African obsession with interracial sex (the subject of two earlier novels), but there is still plenty of heavy breathing here, plus a distasteful attempt to confer mythic status on male voyeurism. Brink's best-known work in the United States, *A Dry White Season*, is probably also his least pretentious—no epic inflation, just a taut, focused tale—but in *An Act of Terror*, he makes it clear that he wants to be counted with the Big Guys. Thomas caps his speeches with lines like "As Raskolnikov discovered . . . "; he has a Faulknerian encounter with a group of black people in a broken-down car, their father's coffin strapped to the roof; and he goes hunting with an almost mythic giant and his hunchbacked factotum, a Beckettian figure who springs into motion

Jenefer Shute was raised in South Africa and is author of the forthcoming novel Life-Size *(Houghton Mifflin).*

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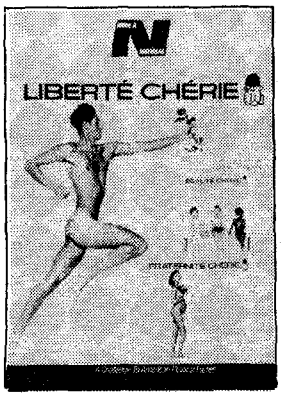

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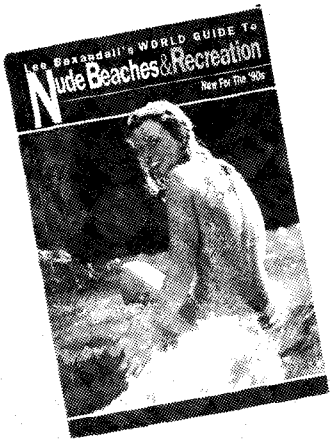

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at the command, "Handyman, dance!" If Brink insisted less heavy-handedly on such comparisons, the reader might be willing to entertain them.

Despite its length and its self-importance, the narrative moves along smartly, and much of Brink's most engaging storytelling unfolds in the "Chronicle," which I tackled after the novel proper (suppressing, I confess, the impulse to skip it altogether). Beginning with the unrecorded fate of Hendrick Willemszoon and his slave wife, Catharijn of Africa, and ending with the unfinished chapter of Thomas, the "Chronicle" is an absorbing re-imagination of South African history, alive with the arbitrariness of real events and of stubborn, irrational people in pursuit of their survival and their dreams. Through the skein of intermarriages that it traces, the "Chronicle" puts paid to the Afrikaner lie of racial purity; it also contains some of Brink's most lyrical writing, as in this description of an ancestral journey to the interior:

> How could he [Diederik Landman] know that in reality he was travelling through a landscape already inhabited by myths and legends? There was no koppie or dry river-bed, no tree, no rock that had not already been named, no table-topped hill or breast-shaped knoll that had not yet been celebrated in poetry or song. The shy imprint of the feet of Khoisan peoples who had wandered there for thousands of years proclaimed the land their mother; their stories had sung it into being, their moon-dances had moulded its contours. But Diederik didn't know. He thought it was nameless. He thought it was his.

By reinventing his progenitors, Thomas discovers that "ontogenesis recapitulates phylogenesis" and that the rebellious sap in his veins flows from all branches of the family tree. His Boer grandfather, for instance, joined a clandestine, pro-Nazi organization during World War II rather than fight on the side of the British, and Thomas reflects: "If in so many ways I personify what you abhorred and fought against all your life, still there is not so much to choose between us. You took up arms against your government as I chose to do against mine. Even our causes are essentially the same: the freedom of an oppressed people. It is only in the definition of the 'people' we represent that we differ."

Much of *An Act of Terror* is taken up with tracing how Thomas has evolved into everything his ancestors would abhor, how an apathetic student, exposed almost by chance to the world beyond the laager, comes to resist the crimes committed in his name. Photography is Brink's metaphor for this process of political awakening: photography first as an act of seeing, then as an act of bearing witness, and finally as an act of intervention, "a way of fighting, an immersion in the battle, an exhilarating and often dangerous way of living with my land." But even this intervention proves inadequate in the long run, and Thomas, a pacifist by nature and by conviction, commits himself to violence.

The turning point comes when his friend Sipho Mdana, a generous, life-loving activist, is murdered with his wife and child in Lusaka. Sipho and Thomas grew up in the same small Cape village but had to travel halfway around the world to meet each other: An Afrikaner is more likely to meet a black compatriot in London than in his hometown, where blacks live their separate lives as "a kind of invisible shadow." Like the missing part of Thomas's self, Sipho introduces him to his own continent and leads him to see that—despite the quaint nomenclature of white South Africans, who call themselves "Europeans"—he belongs "irrevocably, fatally" to Africa.

Though Thomas comes to view his act of terror as "the acknowledgement of his final arrival in Africa," he wonders "can one say, 'I love you' with a bomb?" Seeking an answer, the novel stages a 600-page debate on the ethics of violence. Brink conducts this debate in myriad voices, showing that everyone, from the torturer Bester to the saintly prisoner Henry Bungane, has his own rationalization for taking life. If this debate sometimes seems contrived, if it sometimes smacks of late-night dorm-room dialectics, Brink nevertheless succeeds in keeping the question alive and urgent, unresolved and perhaps unresolvable, beyond the last page. For Thomas, who has accepted the terrible price of his deed—in order to kill others, first you have to kill something in yourself—there is no closure, no end to the violence he has done his own soul.

One of the reasons Thomas can't find peace is that Lisa, his new lover, won't let him. Thomas and Lisa meet cute on the plane to Johannesburg, right after the bungled bombing, when the contents of her overnight bag rain down on his shell-shocked head. Nina, Thomas's former comrade-in-arms (and, let it be noted, the bungler), doesn't survive; but before she's even been cremated, Thomas is making

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tender passionate love to Lisa, just as he made tender passionate love to Nina fifty pages back. I guess it's all part of the healing process. Lisa becomes a major force in the book, intended, I think, to crack through Thomas's carapace of rationalizations with her relentless questioning. But as a character she never comes into focus, this fuzz-brained young woman with an instinct for resistance but no clue of how to act on it. Lisa lives by the *I Ching* and writes things like "i know what i'm doing, even if i cannot explain it." Just as I was beginning to suspect that she personified some principle of feminine indeterminacy, Brink confirmed my fears and spelled it out: "Perhaps I'm an anarchist by nature," she tells Thomas. "Because I'm a woman?" (Lisa's sentences tend to end in question marks.)

When it comes to characterization, Brink's primary concern is to present a spectrum of representative types, so most of the figures we meet—from the movement's "young Robespierre" to the new breed of yuppie Afrikaners—feel paper-thin, even when we're privy to their thoughts. This is particularly true of Thomas's adversary, his blood-brother and mirror-image, Kat Bester. We spend considerable time inside Bester's skull—not a pleasant place to visit, since he represents the unvarnished brutality of the regime—but in exploring the obscene intimacy that develops between Bester and his prey, Brink can't match Breyten Breytenbach's prison memoir, *The True Confessions of an Albino Terrorist*, or the novels of J.M. Coetzee. Though the novel's interior monologues ring hollow at times, cumulatively they allow Brink to dramatize the real legacy of Thomas's act: not the maimed bodies it leaves behind, nor the blow to the state, but the small, significant revolutions of consciousness it produces in everyone he meets.

With this reach and sweep of vision, this grandeur of moral purpose, why does *An Act of Terror* read, finally, like a work of epic ambitions rather than an epic achievement? Perhaps it's because, for all the accretion of detail, there's something a little thin and schematic about it: something too linear in its moral reasoning, something too calculated in its characterization, something too facile in its symbolism (the Landmans' cracked ancestral mirror, for instance, or their ancestral Bible stained with blood). The state of mind of someone about to commit an act of terror has been more humanly represented, with more murkiness and confusion, in Doris Lessing's *The Good Terrorist*, Michelle Cliff's *No Telephone to Heaven* and V.S. Naipaul's *Guerrillas*; the split psyche of the dissident Afrikaner has been more deeply mined by Breytenbach and by Rian Malan in *My Traitor's Heart*. But where Brink's novel soars is in its aspiration, its revised creation myth for a race "conceived and born in lies," its hope for a history that might open out instead of shutting down. "The shift inside myself has not severed me from anything; has, on the contrary, extended my boundaries," Thomas Landman concludes. "I shall never feel the need to deny or renounce the fact that I'm an Afrikaner." □

Rotten to the Core

HERBERT KOHL

WHAT YOUR 1ST GRADER NEEDS TO KNOW: Fundamentals of a Good First-Grade Education. *Edited by E.D. Hirsch Jr. Doubleday. 246 pp. $15.*

WHAT YOUR 2ND GRADER NEEDS TO KNOW: Fundamentals of a Good Second-Grade Education. *Edited by E.D. Hirsch Jr. Doubleday. 318 pp. $15.*

The subtitle of E.D. Hirsch's *Cultural Literacy*, a best seller in 1987, is *What Every American Needs to Know*. At the end of the book Hirsch provides a sixty-three-page list of words and phrases that "illustrate the character and range of the knowledge literate Americans tend to share." That list reveals the vocabulary and conceptual apparatus of Hirsch's version of Everyman, apparently a university-educated European-American, most likely male, who speaks in platitudes and has a passing acquaintance with words drawn from the sciences, the humanities and the arts. For example, Hirsch's Everyman "tends" to "know" the following words and phrases beginning with "P":

> perfectibility of man, periodic table of the elements, pax romana, pay the piper, pearl of great price, peeping Tom, Peloponnesian War, penis envy, penny saved is a penny earned, persona non grata, Peter the Great, Phi Beta Kappa, philosopher king, photoelectric effect, plate tectonics, Pickwickian, Planck's constant, play second fiddle, pogrom, proof of the pudding is in the eating, and Pyrrhic victory.

I've been searching for Hirsch's Everyman for years and haven't found anyone who really knows all the words on this list. Planck's constant stumps just about everybody. An equal number are uncertain about the exact nature of the photoelectric effect and plate tectonics, and can't remember ever having heard pearl of great price used in conversation, although they can make educated guesses about its meaning. The perfectibility of man and the periodic table are recognized but not necessarily understood in a complex way. Peter the Great and the Peloponnesian War are somewhat more familiar, though the Pax Romana is often greeted by a blank stare.

The people I asked are all college educated, quite well read and interested in ideas. They are not college professors and their work does not involve constant reference and citation. However, by any reasonable definition of literacy they qualify. Where they part ways with Hirsch's list is in areas where special knowledge is required or an archaic, Latinate and formal way of speaking is implied.

No doubt there are people who have mastered the meaning of most of the words on the list and understand the concepts they represent in some depth, and it may be that Hirsch wishes to restrict his notion of literacy to that small group. He seems, however, to include among the literate those people who have encountered the words on the list at one time or another during their reading or education and have only a vague idea of what many of them mean. The problem is that Hirsch elevates such superficial acquaintance with words to the status of knowledge.

In defining what is central there is much that Hirsch chooses to leave out. As Rick Simonson and Scott Walker point out in *Multicultural Literacy*, the anthology they edited, Hirsch's list omits many words and phrases that relate to progressive thinking and non-Western cultures. Among the P's, for example, Hirsch has overlooked words and phrases such as:

> peace activists, pesticides, political prisoner, potlatch, premenstrual syndrome, prison, prophylactic, prostitution, pueblo and prime time.

Whatever one's conception of a culturally literate adult, one could argue that

Herbert Kohl is a writer and educator. His most recent book is I Won't Learn From You! *(Milkweed).*

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most of these concepts are as central to the "core" of our culture as those on Hirsch's list. It is difficult not to wonder how Hirsch generated his list and who appointed him to decide what is central to our complex culture.

The list of omissions could be expanded; Hirsch would most likely respond by adding some of the suggested words to his list while insisting that our culture nevertheless retains a Eurocentric core. However, in addition to this amended list there are other words and phrases that so-called literate Americans tend to know, words and phrases such as:

> prick, piss, putz, pussy, patronize, palimony, prissy, putsch, pig (as in violent police officer, as opposed to "pig in a poke, buy a," which is on Hirsch's list), profligate, play politics, play the field, poke fun at, play into one's hands, and pick apart.

Hirsch does not acknowledge that these words are part of a literate person's vocabulary. For him, literacy is morally correct and distinguishes between what is proper and what is not. Yet who can read Western literature without understanding the "low" list as well as Hirsch's "high" list? Hirsch may be pure but literature isn't.

The cultural and class biases of Hirsch's notion of cultural literacy, as well as his understanding of what knowledge is, are part of the reason his new books for parents and teachers—with the pretentious titles *What Your 1st Grader Needs to Know: Fundamentals of a Good First-Grade Education* and *What Your 2nd Grader Needs to Know: Fundamentals of a Good Second-Grade Education*—are stupid and dangerous. These two books are the first of six volumes, one for each grade from the first through the sixth, that will constitute *The Core Knowledge Series*. The six volumes prescribe "a specific sequence of core knowledge that young Americans should, at a minimum, learn."

There is no modesty in Hirsch's claim for this series. According to him, teaching the sequence laid out in the series is "a *necessary* step in developing a first-rate educational system in the United States." [Emphasis in original.] He goes on to assert that "all of the best—i.e., highest-achieving and most egalitarian—elementary school systems in the world, such as those in Sweden, France, and Japan, teach their children a specific core of knowledge in each of the first six grades" and that "shared background knowledge makes schooling more fair and democratic." In addition, "shared background knowledge helps create cooperation and solidarity in school and in the nation." Indeed, according to Hirsch, "no modern nation has achieved both excellence and fairness in education without defining core knowledge for the elementary school."

To begin with, Hirsch begs the central question of whether any "modern nation" has achieved either excellence or fairness in education, and he does not bother to substantiate his claims about Japan, France and Sweden. Of his three examples, Japan and France have elitist school systems that do not have universal postsecondary education as a goal. Competition to enter the top schools in those systems is intense, test-related and frequently class-bound. Immigrants in both societies, but especially in France, are for the most part excluded from the system; and racism, both personal and institutional, is not uncommon in schools.

But there are other problems with Hirsch's call for a national core curriculum. Talking about adult literacy, Hirsch lists what literate Americans "tend" to know as shared knowledge. However, he goes beyond that to provide a curriculum of what children "need" to know. What people "need" to know, given the current climate of support for a national curriculum, may be legislated into required learning for all children. The real agenda in Hirsch's program for young children, it seems to me, is a desire to channel young people's thinking from childhood through adolescence. However, even if Hirsch succeeds in getting legislatures to mandate his core curriculum, his enterprise is bound to fail to provide either the quality educational system or the excellence in learning he promises.

The contradictions built into the very notion of core knowledge become apparent as Hirsch outlines what he considers required knowledge for 6- and 7-year-olds. The books themselves are designed to look like old school texts, perhaps in an attempt to remind parents and teachers of the books they used in the good old days. They are drab, badly illustrated and do not attempt to charm or interest children. In fact, the reading level of the books is much too difficult for beginning readers. The books are meant to be read to children, not read by them; the child is to receive knowledge from the books as mediated by some adult, not be actively involved in her or his own learning.

Within this framework, Hirsch offers

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6- and 7-year-olds nursery rhymes, fairy tales, proverbs, music lessons, history, science and math. The connection between mastery of this material and later school success is never made, yet that claim appears in advertisements for the books. The whole enterprise smacks of the same hype that is used to sell expensive cars and fancy sneakers.

Hirsch does not explain his choices. There is no indication of why particular rhymes and tales were included in the books and others omitted. Some of Hirsch's choices seem bizarre—like including "patriotic music" as necessary learning in the second grade. The two books, read straight through, seem like hastily pasted-together collections of platitudes and pieties, part McGuffey's *Reader* and part nineteenth-century math and science exercise book.

Core knowledge, in Hirsch's hands, is a moralistic manipulation of traditional materials.

An examination of the specific content of Hirsch's core curriculum raises questions that go beyond style and hype. First and second graders, according to Hirsch, must know, in order to succeed in the future, "Cinderella," "Sleeping Beauty," "Hansel and Gretel," "Beauty and the Beast," "The Princess and the Pea" and "Snow White," among other tales. These tales of royalty and wealth are filled with passive or wicked females, evil stepparents, pure and handsome princes and kind, innocent and harried fathers. Young women need to be rescued from older women, purified for marriage into royalty or sacrificed to save their fathers. In "Snow White," for example, a wicked but beautiful stepmother tries to murder her stepdaughter. The reason for this seems to be that the stepmother (for whom the tale shows no sympathy whatever) is getting older and becomes aware that her stepdaughter, Snow White, is beginning to surpass her in beauty. Because the only power accorded to either Snow White or her stepmother is physical beauty, and because aging is inevitable, the tale becomes an implacable and murderous encounter between generations of women. In fact, in the original Grimm version, when the prince takes Snow White as his bride, the stepmother is invited to the wedding. There a surprise awaits her:

> And when she [the stepmother] went in she recognized Snow White; and she stood still with rage and fear, and could not stir. But iron slippers had already been put on the fire, and they were brought in with tongs, and set before her. Then she was forced to put on the red-hot shoes, and dance until she dropped dead.

This is the gruesome conclusion to a tale our children *need* to know in order to succeed in school, according to Hirsch. But—and this is the problem with designating any core knowledge—the story will not be taken in the same way by all learners. For some, especially the would-be princes in the class, it can be an affirming and empowering tale. For others, especially the girls who believe in their autonomy and refuse to accept male definitions of their strengths, it can be disconfirming. For stepchildren, it can reinforce family tension. For children who do not see themselves as European princes and princesses it can lead to depression and marginalize their participation. And for all children it can provide a model of cruel and vindictive revenge that might allow them to tolerate or even contribute to the suffering of others.

There may be a core story here, but there is no core response. The nature of the story is to categorize and divide people, to judge them by externals and to reinforce an order in which upper-class male power makes all the rules. This is not necessary knowledge for children in a democracy, though as one story among a thousand, learned in a casual setting, it probably wouldn't cause much damage.

Even Hirsch, or the people who actually wrote the text of the tales in his book, acknowledges some aspects of the problematic nature of "Snow White," for he softens Grimm's ending:

> As for the wicked Queen, some say she fell off a cliff, some say she was struck by lightning, and some say she danced herself to death at Snow White's wedding. But one thing is certain: she never bothered Snow White again, and Snow White and the prince lived happily ever after.

So the core knowledge, in Hirsch's hands, is not even authentic. Rather, it is a moralistic manipulation of traditional materials that purges them of some of the cruelty and bias that is part of the European heritage. It is necessary to read the

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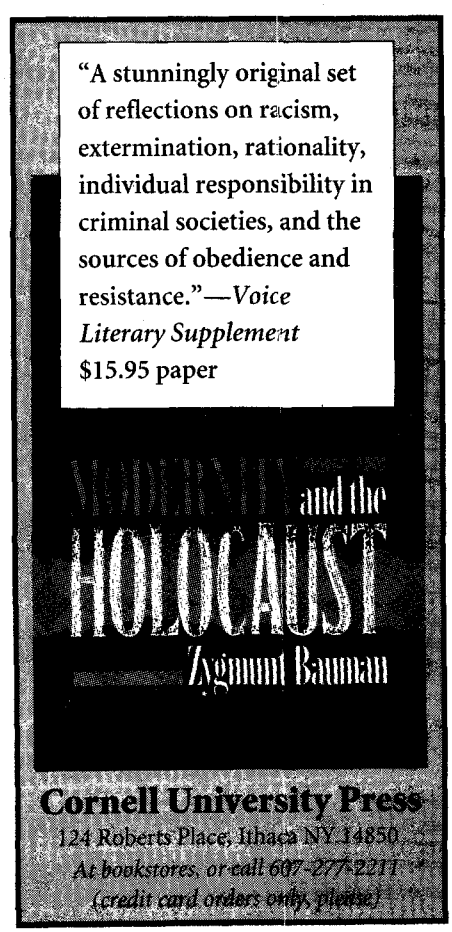
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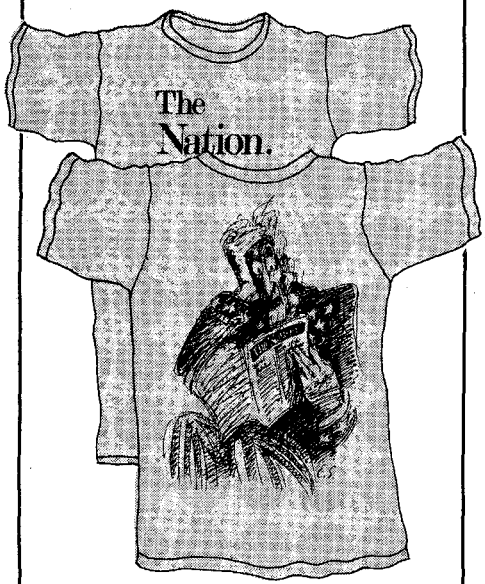

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material in Hirsch's first- and second-grade books as contemporary cultural constructions and compare them against both the originals and Hirsch's claim that a common core of knowledge creates fairness in education. Even though a creative teacher can get students to reflect critically upon the core curriculum, teaching the same material to all students guarantees nothing about the way they will respond. If the core reproduces the inequities that exist in a society, it is simply another attempt to keep power relations from changing. In practice, the core curriculum enshrines the values of the people who determine it as universal standards of excellence. Nazi Germany had a core curriculum, after all, as did the Stalinist Soviet Union.

The covert text of Hirsch's core curriculum is that no fundamental economic or social changes need occur to create equity in education and that sensitivity to children's knowledge about their own life circumstances is irrelevant to the educational process. Consider another example of core knowledge. In a somewhat puzzling section of his book on what first graders must know, Hirsch includes a list of thirteen (no more or less) proverbs, among which are: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," "Never leave till tomorrow what you can do today" and "Practice makes perfect." It's not clear to me whether Hirsch's intent is for children to memorize these proverbs, act upon them, or simply understand what they mean. As advice, they are less than ideal. If you don't succeed at first, it might make sense to ask for help. If you run out of ideas it is often helpful to put something aside for tomorrow rather than continue to make a mess of it today. And practice does not always make perfect, as the examples of making war and creating justice amply illustrate.

Another proverb Hirsch would require all 6-year-olds to know is "There's no place like home," adding the following commentary, which parents and teachers are urged to share with children: "People use this saying to mean: travel may be pleasant, but home is the best place of all. 'We had a great trip, but there's no place like home.' " Try sharing this with a group of children living in the midst of violence and poverty, and ask them to describe their travels and explain how wonderful it felt when they got home. Add insult to the injury of poverty in the name of fairness, deny middle-class bias in the curriculum and you have hard-core Hirsch.

To be sure, there are some concessions to diversity and multiculturalism in Hirsch's volumes. Of the twenty tales in the first-grade volume, there is one from Africa, one of Spanish origin (not Latin American, however) and one Native American tale. In the stories of great scientists there is one European male (Copernicus), one American female (Rachel Carson) and one African-American male (Charles Drew). Again one wonders, Why these three? But the effort at showing diversity only goes so far. Consider the following quote from the minibiography of Charles Drew, whose scientific work was responsible for making blood transfusions easy and who set up the first blood bank. Also remember that this is supposed to be part of necessary knowledge for all 6-year-olds:

> For a long time, the Army and Navy refused to accept blood from black people. Even after it started to accept "colored" blood, the Army told the Red Cross to separate the donated blood of black people from that of whites. Charles Drew explained that there was no such thing as "black" and "white" blood. Blood was blood. But no one listened. This made Charles Drew very sad and angry. He resigned from the Red Cross.

So Charles Drew was sad and angry. The Army spoke to the Red Cross. No one listened to scientific evidence. But there are no specific white people in this story, no discussion of racism, no analysis of ignorance or rejection of science. No rage in the telling. What is this teaching children about Drew? That he got sad and quit. So what happened then? Was there a confrontation? Do we still not mix the blood? Who is to blame and how does such ignorance get dealt with? None of these questions are answered in the Hirsch selection.

If we choose to tell our children about Drew (a fine thing to do, though hardly a necessity for 6-year-olds), we owe them a story that does justice to Drew's pain as well as his brilliance, and provides them with an understanding of how racism functions and how it can be confronted. Since 6-year-olds can be victims of racism or can perpetuate it, there is no reason they shouldn't also be helped to think about it. This points once again to the danger of not dealing with the processes by which learning takes place and believing, as Hirsch seems to do, that the only important thing is information.

Hirsch insists that the information contained in his core curriculum, and not the way it is taught or how students re-

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spond to it, is what will provide fairness in education. He defends rote learning. And yet even rote learning isn't as simple as Hirsch makes it out to be. To memorize and regurgitate something that is humiliating or insulting, to preserve in your memory disempowering stories, partial truths and homilies that go against your better judgment or insult your experience does not promote fairness or excellence. Rather, it perpetuates ignorance and inequality and can feed rage.

However, by raising the question of core knowledge and its relationship to critical thinking, Hirsch has done us a favor. Those of us who believe that learning is more than memorization must also consider what should be the core content of a curriculum that promotes democratic thinking and gives children tools and understanding that will help them confront inequity as they try to make decent lives for themselves. It is not enough to be concerned, as some progressive educators are, with process alone and to focus exclusively on critical analysis, experiential learning, personal sensitivity and creative expression. As educators we must also examine what knowledge our students need in order to survive, persist and even thrive. Surely at some point they must learn the Bill of Rights—not merely memorize it, as Hirsch might wish, but know intimately the ways in which those rights are theirs and must be defended or be lost. They must know the Constitution critically, but section by section as well. They must also know enough of our common history and creative life to be able to place themselves in the whole.

How much content must be contained in the core and when it should be taught are difficult but necessary questions. That it should be taught critically and with a respect for the student's person and thoughts, as well as for differences in culture, gender and class, is a given. Process and content must be merged into a thoughtful and critical pedagogy. All students must become comfortable with multiple narratives—their own and those of other people. And as educators we must move toward creating a common composite narrative that approximates the complex and too often painful history of our nation.

Fairness in education can only emerge from such diversity. Just as we as a nation are still struggling to achieve a democratic society, we as educators are still struggling to understand what education in a democracy should look like. To settle on a narrow core curriculum, as Hirsch is trying to do, is inherently unjust. To eliminate content and focus solely on critical process is to deny foolishly the importance of knowledge, history and literature. The struggle to integrate process and knowledge in a way that respects the diversity of our society and counters the inequities that are perpetuated through schooling is perhaps the central unaddressed question in current debates about educational reform. What we might come up with is a continually emerging and self-renewing curriculum with a changing constellation of central knowledge and a critique informed by student voices and the voices of their communities—that is, with a curriculum that is part of the struggle to make a democracy out of the United States. □

Buried Hearts

JERRY MANDER

NATIVE AMERICAN TESTIMONY: A Chronicle of Indian-White Relations From Prophecy to the Present, 1492–1992. *Edited by Peter Nabokov. Viking. 474 pp. $25.*

Even in this 500th anniversary year of Columbus's landing, American Indian leaders are remarking on the continued resistance of our major institutions—the media, academia, government—to offering Indian voices and opinions regarding these five centuries of interaction. There's no formal conspiracy to exclude a native view, but there is surely a de facto one based on the centuries-old paradigm that Indian thought—philosophical, economic, political—not to say Indian sovereignty rights, is somehow irrelevant in the present context. The apex of Indian frustrations came during another recent anniversary, that of the Bicentennial of the U.S. Constitution. Not one word appeared in official proceedings and damned few in the press about the critical role that Indian political thinkers and the Iroquois Confederacy Great Law (created centuries before Columbus's arrival) had in influencing the concepts of governance then being developed by our "Founding Fathers."

Now comes anthropologist Peter Nabokov, who has edited an exhaustive, informative and entertaining work, *Native American Testimony: A Chronicle of Indian-White Relations From Prophecy to the Present, 1492–1992*, to at last give some voice to five centuries of Indian commentary on dealings with the European invaders. Nabokov achieves what no one has before: the retelling of a half-millennium of history from an Indian viewpoint, using Indian voices, appropriately bridged by his informative commentaries (and by archival and contemporary photographs). That Nabokov managed to select and present this material in as upbeat, spirited and still revelatory a manner as he did makes the information that much more accessible and important.

This is no replay of the few famous Indian orations that have been reported by others—those of Black Elk, Chief Seattle, Crazy Horse, et al.—but a far deeper, often more personal exploration. Using government transcripts of meetings with Indians, traditional narratives, oral histories, newspaper clips, letters and contemporary interviews, Nabokov offers some 120 testimonies, organized both chronologically and by subject. The descriptions include: precontact prophecies, first encounters with whites, dealings with and double-dealing by missionaries, attempts to get along with the invaders, the gathering military sentiments, the treaties and their abrogation, the emerging Indian realization they were being exiled in their own lands, the coming of the white "flood" of population, the breakup of communities, the military and legalistic assaults, and the evolution of Indian leadership to the present day, as Native Americans continue to work for goals similar to those of their ancestors.

We read accounts of torture at the hands of missionaries, hand-to-hand fighting in warfare, internal disputes and debates among the Indians themselves, intellectual discourses about the virtues and failings of the non-Indian ways, painful accounts of deliberately misleading agreements, descriptions of humiliations and also some victories in dealing with whites, and engrossing stories of both whites and Indians caught in the others' societies, by reason of accident, or kidnapping or the engulfment of the Indians by whites.

Jerry Mander is author of the recently released In the Absence of the Sacred: The Failure of Technology and the Survival of the Indian Nations *(Sierra Club). He is a senior fellow at the nonprofit Public Media Center, San Francisco.*

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The tone of the testimonies ranges so widely that it is impossible to represent here, except to remark that it includes everything from hilarious, astounded reactions to white behavior, to heart-rending exhortations by Indian leaders either to resist or in some cases accept the "flood," to brilliant moral and philosophical challenges to the invaders.

By the end, Nabokov's collection creates a complex mosaic of images and ideas that congeal into a view of those five centuries that is greatly at odds with the popular stereotypes and historical accounts. Beyond that, the combined testimonies reveal a world view and a way of mind that are clearly incompatible with those of the invader society, an *inherent* incompatibility that the Indians understood all along. For five centuries they have been saying that they are different from us, and have been asking to be left to pursue their own ways on their own lands. They were never interested in assimilation, and as Nabokov presents it, via the contemporary words of Indian leaders, are still attempting to resist absorption and keep alive alternative native political and economic forms that probably have a better chance for long-term survival on Earth. For all these centuries the Indian thoughts have been ignored by the invader society, as they mostly are today, to our detriment. But such works as this one represent a breakthrough and are worthy of serious attention. □

THEATER.

HAL GELB

God's Country
Intrigue at Ah-Pah
The Road Not Taken
Fear of Falling

By 1988 neo-Nazism had become such a phenomenon in America that Seattle's A Contemporary Theatre commissioned Steven Dietz to write a play about it. This fall, *God's Country* sounded its alarm in the Bay Area (at Zellerbach Playhouse and Life on the Water), in a joint effort of Goldbrier Productions and the normally ivory-tower University of California, Berkeley, Department of Dramatic Art.

Dietz's docudrama focuses on The Order, which was founded by Robert Mathews in 1983 to put paramilitary muscle behind the radical right's ideology [see Elinor Langer, "The American Neo-Nazi Movement Today," July 16/23, 1990]. The play provides a great deal of information about these doctrines, about white radical groups in general and about The Order's crimes, which culminated in the 1984 murder of Denver radio talk-show host Alan Berg (Andrew Brier). It also portrays The Order's downfall and the trial of its members on racketeering charges.

Yet disturbing as all this is, I had to ask myself why—particularly given a history of night sweats over fascism—I wasn't more threatened by *God's Country*. On the most obvious level, I think I wasn't frightened because I felt Dietz wanted me to be frightened. *God's Country* manufactures terror like those movies whose only purpose is a good scare. The second half moves with a kind of calculated inevitability toward Berg's murder, and throughout, the play spooks its audience with neo-Nazi rituals and threats that Order children will carry on the genocidal mission now that Mathews is dead and the inner circle is in prison. It doesn't help matters that director Dan Goldblatt goes for the sensational, with a throbbing bass underlining the action and feathery, barely audible background voices that you might expect to find in a Brian De Palma thriller.

Dennis Matthews's Ramboesque performance as Robert Mathews, posturing and swaggering about the stage with automatic weapon and camouflage gear, likewise seemed intent on inspiring fear. The play would have been truly frightening, though, if the characters seemed as if they actually believed Nazi ideas and that the ideas made such sense of their lives that they had the power to ignite a political movement. But to be fair, I should say that the script leaves the actors in a hole. Except for the Berg murder and a brief anecdote about a farmer (Joel Mullennix) who is saved from foreclosure by rifle-toting white supremacists, *God's Country* is terribly vague about the circumstances that make neo-Nazism compelling.

But the main reason *God's Country* isn't as alarming as it intends to be is that you sense a disjunction between the fear it attempts to generate and the relative powerlessness of The Order, which seems isolated, vulnerable, even strangely sympathetic at times. "The center cannot hold. Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world," Dietz has Berg threaten at the end of the play. But in fact the center (the right of center, the Reagan Administration) holds very nicely. The government perceives a threat and thoroughly suppresses it.

Hal Gelb is a writer and director living in the Bay Area.

Unlike the misnamed 'regional theaters,' Dell'Arte has created a true theater of place.

If "the center cannot hold" is meant as prophecy, not observation, Dietz needs to supply more of the context in which these events are taking place and a bigger threat than gun-wielding Order offspring by themselves. *Destiny*, British playwright David Edgar's 1976 account of a Midlands by-election, is infinitely more frightening because it offers a more convincing picture of how a neo-Nazi fringe group might come to power. In its depiction of a labor dispute pitting white workers against Asian co-workers and of a shopkeeper who runs as the fascist candidate after losing his store to a corporate developer (which is represented by a Jewish agent), *Destiny* recognizes that a neo-Nazi rise to power would depend on a conjunction of social and economic conditions as well as support from the wider society. Dietz's script contains only a single character who is not a fascist but sees their efforts as being in his interest. Edgar on the other hand offers a panorama of respectable citizens—conservatives, capitalists, workers, members of the lower middle class—and shows fascism seemingly speaking to their interests and dissatisfactions in an era of perceived decline.

Unlike the misnamed "regional theaters"—which perform the same repertory whether they're in San Francisco or New Jersey—Dell'Arte, from rural Humboldt County, has created a true theater of place. The world of *Redwood Curtain*, the company-written, comic/detective/mystery trilogy it recently brought 300 miles south to San Francisco's Cowell Theater, is populated like the county itself by lumberjacks and environmentalists, forest rangers and timber company executives, developers, lawyers, fishermen, hippies, Indians and broken Vietnam vets.

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The issues are also local, but with wider implications. In *Intrigue at Ah-Pah* (1979), performed like the other two parts in Dell'Arte's highly entertaining, extraordinarily physical and often cartoonish style, Scar Tissue, the trilogy's hard-boiled yet vulnerable female private investigator, pursues a case that interweaves Indian fishing rights, the depletion of salmon in the Klamath River and attempts to divert its water to Los Angeles and San Jose. (The testament of a dying man, "San Jose sucks," is her chief clue.) In *The Road Not Taken* (1984), the mystery grows out of a secret road that, like the events of *Ah-Pah*, is based in fact, on a road the Forest Service quietly built with timber interests; had it been completed, it would have provided access to pre-Ice Age forests and made clear-cutting in the high country easier.

At this point, though, the trilogy becomes more concerned with the state of Scar's soul than the environment. The reluctant detective of *Ah-Pah* in *The Road Not Taken* becomes a woman searching for redemption, for a way to come back from cocaine and alcohol addictions. Of course, the health of the environment and the local economy have a lot to do with the state of Scar's soul. Northern California's cool, dark waters and deep forests offer a traditional pastoral alternative to the ugly, corrupt world. Or at least they do to a degree. For it's clear in *Redwood Curtain* that the pastoral dreams of the 1960s and 1970s have faded as the old industries declined and development schemes multiplied. In a sense, Scar's very presence in the forest, with her citified black detective duds and pulp-mystery wisecracks, is recognition that the urban and rural worlds are inextricably intertwined and that the corruption and malaise identified with the city are also part of life in the working forest.

In the new comedy, *Fear of Falling*, the pastoral dream is so far gone that back-to-the-land hippies and others who make their living from the forest have been replaced on the stage by the marginally employed and homeless; forest settings have given way to scenes in Eureka, a once unpretentious waterfront town that is being malled and boutiqued over; and the *vita nuova* that ended *The Road Not Taken*—Scar withdrawing to the high country to raise her young ward Woody—is abandoned for a Reagan-Bush era new beginning, with Scar scrapping her identity, if halfheartedly, by marrying a wealthy San Francisco socialite/environmentalist and moving to the city.

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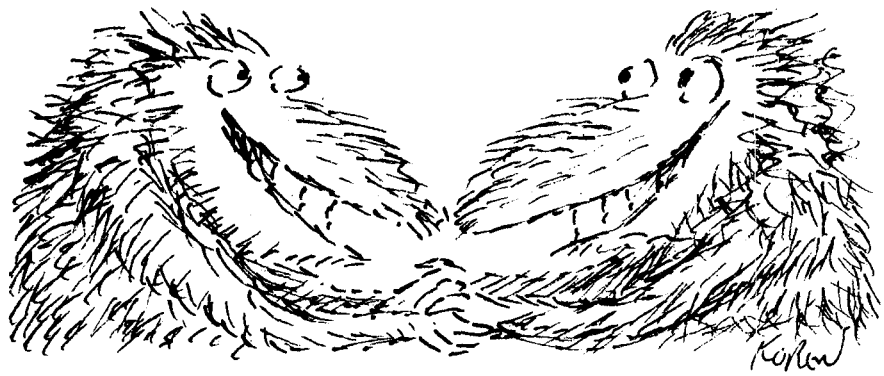

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She's saved when she is hired by one of the homeless to find another of the homeless. The clues in this case lead to Chubby Fitzall, a society friend of her husband's. Chubby, Scar discovers, is also the missing woman's brother, someone who cheated his sister of her inheritance, leaving her to suffer in a mental hospital and finally causing her to endure homelessness. Ultimately, this upper-crust callousness allows Scar to reject her husband's San Francisco world and throw her lot in with the community of dispossessed in Eureka.

As an ending, it's unfortunately all too easy and righteous and, except in a mechanical way, can't resolve Scar's desire to fall in love and abandon her former self. Compared with her affinity for the victimized characters that is her salvation in *The Road Not Taken*, Scar's relationship with the homeless here is never much more than impersonal and abstract. *Fear of Falling* also turns out to be not very good mystery; it's short on twists and turns, deficient in hot clues and cold trails. Scar questions only a single lead before pinning the crime on Chubby, and by the beginning of the second act the audience knows who the missing woman is. *Fear* does provide the mystery story's traditional sense of closure, the revelation that nothing is accidental and that everything and everybody are interconnected. But Chubby's crime against his sister, which joins the world of Eureka's dispossessed to that of the San Francisco wealthy, ignores and obscures the real connecting link between the rich and the homeless, the economic changes that are redistributing wealth upward.

That said, let me also say that Dell'Arte—Joan Schirle, Joan Mankin, Donald Forrest, Michael Fields, Joe Dieffenbacher and director Jael Weisman—is a wonderful group of comic artists, as adept at vaudeville and acrobatics as they are at parody and satire. Schirle plays Scar Tissue for all it's worth, while the other performers surround her with two and three and four characterizations each. Forrest, a chameleon of chameleons, plays the sniffy Chubby and the sweet, innocent Woody as well as Scar's haunted Vietnam-vet lover in *The Road* and a piscatory informant by the name of Deep Trout in *Ah-Pah*. He is a great physical comic who can do anything—in *Fear of Falling* he convinces us he's being undressed by jet-plane exhaust.

Dell'Arte hopes to tour *Redwood Curtain* again in 1993. □

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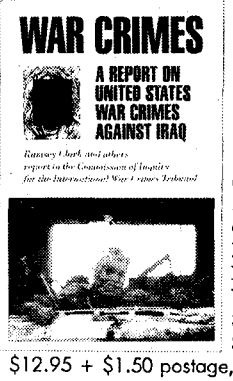

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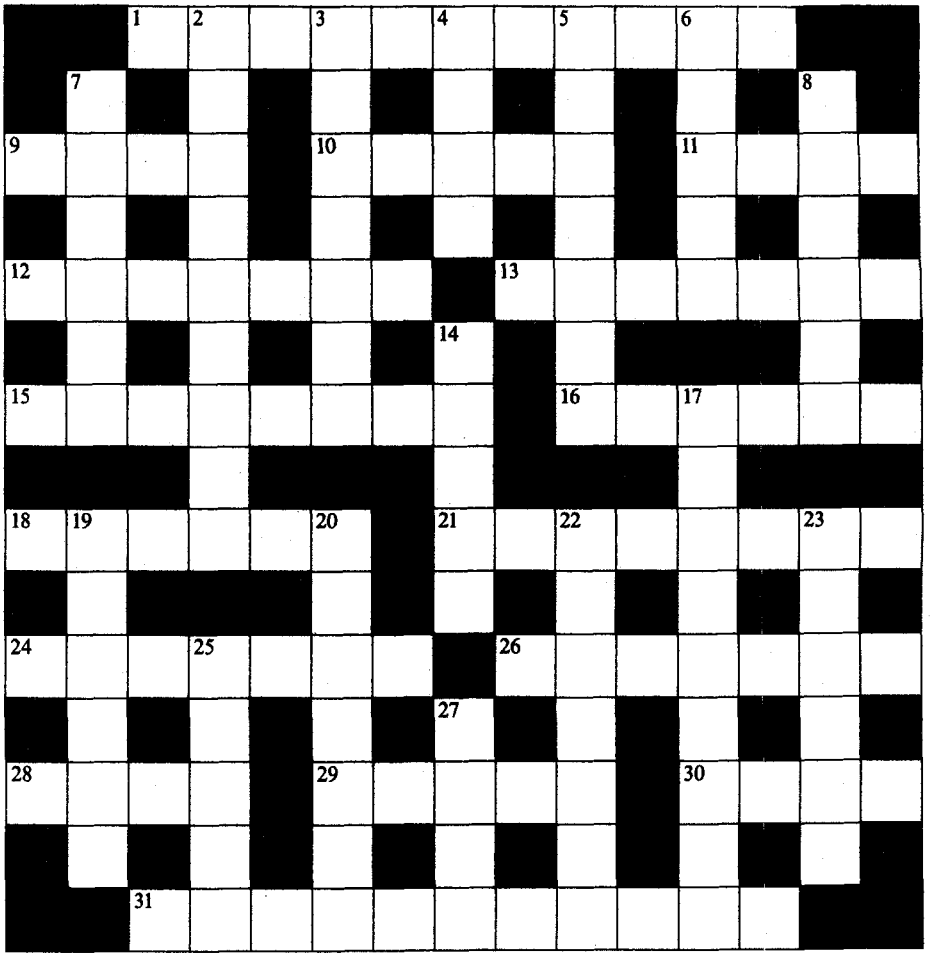
SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2376

■	S	P	U	M	E	■	■	D	A	M	A	G	E	■
S	■	A	■	A	■	M	M	■	D	■	N	■	R	■
M	O	L	O	K	A	I	■	I	D	E	A	T	E	S
A	■	M	■	I	■	L	■	X	■	P	■	O	■	A
C	L	I	E	N	T	E	L	E	■	T	E	N	E	T
K	■	S	■	G	■	S	■	D	■	■	■	Y	■	Z
■	A	T	T	H	E	S	A	M	E	T	I	M	E	■
■	■	■	■	A	■	T	■	E	■	W	■	■	■	■
■	C	H	R	Y	S	A	N	T	H	E	M	U	M	■
O	■	O	■	■	■	N	■	A	■	N	■	N	■	U
B	R	A	I	N	■	D	I	P	S	T	I	C	K	S
L	■	R	■	I	■	I	■	H	■	I	■	O	■	A
I	N	D	I	G	O	S	■	O	P	E	N	I	N	G
G	■	E	■	H	■	H	■	R	■	T	■	L	■	E
E	R	R	A	T	A	■	■	C	H	O	S	E	■	■

Crossword Puzzle No. 2377

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 What a motorcyclist might use to give a lift to the race official? (4-7)
9 See 4 down
10 and 11 Popeye's sweetheart is, rather plain-looking in uniform. (5,4)
12 What might bring about a nasal sound gets done, perhaps, when help is around. (7)
13 Possibly bores you and me with a heavenly sign? (7)
15 Big in conclusion and made bigger. (8)
16 The sort of rut a person such as Harry was? (6)
18 On short speculation he awkwardly gave his address. (6)
21 Pertaining to your aunt, perhaps? (8)
24 An askew and distorted form of what a rousing call does. (7)
26 So it comes back to what a predator does on birds! (7)
28 Not exactly the same table, that's flat! (4)
29 Getting old silver when it surrounds what might fit in a sling. (5)
30 Tries to order in 18, over and over. (4)
31 Exist as a color around what might be American, for example, perhaps with an investment. (11)

DOWN

2 Slyly hint that you were cheating on your wife by taking someone to dinner, by the sound of it? (9)
3 The sort of look that implies intelligence? (Sounds like you can't fly!) (7)
4, 27 and 9 across Headgear for lean and hungry monarchs, put on when one wants to be 3. (8,4)
5 What one might do when drunk, etc., rather awkwardly and hope to find someone in the office again. (7)
6 The point to a bad ride seems to be "Duck!" (5)
7 and 23 What the debutante takes to see the world, though the ship can only make it once. (6,6)
8 and 19 What one sometimes does with a headache might commonly involve leaves. (5,1,6)
14 What Shakespeare implied might be apparent in such as Copenhagen, when such doors might be broken down. (5)
17 Saying what might be total and very bad acne? (9)
19 See 8
20 Is it likely to make a disturbed layer, coming from the plant? (7)
22 Food for the angels a queer mixture, though! (7)
23 See 7 down
25 Jack belongs in church, one hears. (5)
27 See 4 down

PUZZLE BOOK

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